

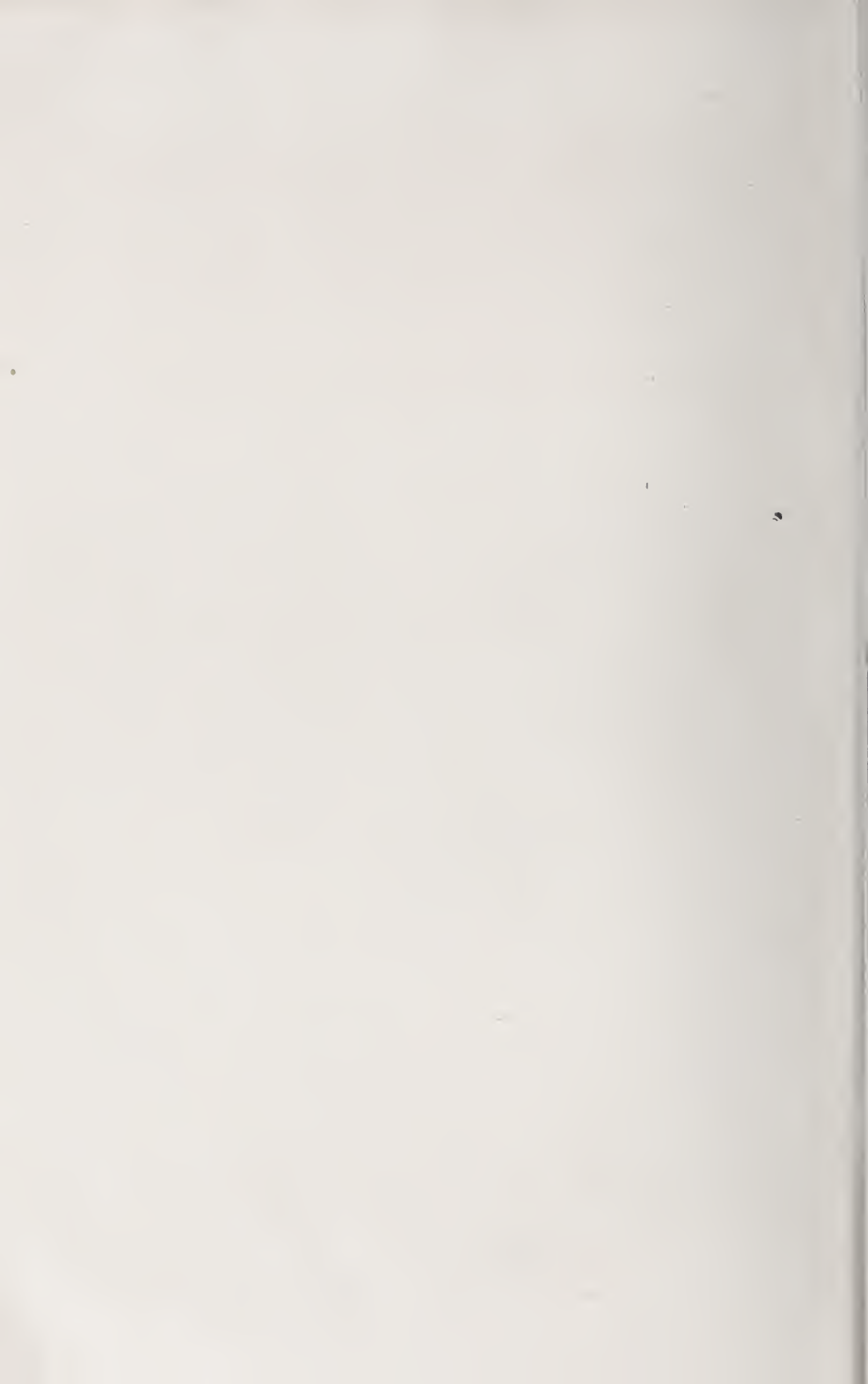
"GRAYBEARD'S" COLORADO

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"GRAYBEARD'S" COLORADO;

OR,

NOTES ON THE CENTENNIAL STATE.

DESCRIBING

A TRIP FROM PHILADELPHIA TO DENVER AND BACK, IN THE
AUTUMN AND WINTER OF 1881-82.

BY

JOHN FRANKLIN GRAFF.

("GRAYBEARD.")

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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PREFACE.

THE following letters, substantially as here republished, originally appeared in *The Philadelphia Press* during the autumn and winter of 1881-82, and were intended to convey the author's impressions of the West, its public improvements, mineral developments and wealth, and the character, pursuits, and progress of its people. They were written *con amore*, in the broadest spirit of conscientious journalism, and for the sole purpose of aiding inquiring people, particularly young men, in their endeavors to get at facts upon which to base a correct judgment. The present publication is made at the request of, and purely to oblige, a large number of friendly readers who read the letters as first printed, although it also affords a welcome opportunity of making some important corrections in the text.

J. F. G.

PHILADELPHIA, June, 1882.



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“GRAYBEARD’S” COLORADO.

A TRIP FROM PHILADELPHIA TO DENVER AND BACK.

LETTER I.

CHICAGO.

Luxury of Travelling on the Pennsylvania Railroad—Autumn Scenery of the Keystone State—Ride through Indiana—Governor Cullom of Illinois and the Yorktown Centennial—Arrival at Chicago on Sunday—A Go-as-you-Please City—What Chicagoans believe in—Astounding History of a Young Metropolis—What Chicago has done and intends to do—Memorial of the Great Fire in 1871—The True Secret of Chicago’s Greatness—Her Greatest Mistake—Her Water-Supply and Wooden Pavements.

CHICAGO, November 16, 1881.

I AM at last taking good Horace Greeley’s advice and am going West—not as a young man exactly, but I am going—to Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado; perhaps to the Pacific coast.

My trip hither, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Road, was delightful. It is always a luxury to ride on any of the lines of the great Pennsylvania system. The cars are clean and inviting, the engines strong and bright, and the solid road-bed secures to passengers the very minimum of noise and motion, which, to persons who travel much, is a great saving of physical wear and tear.

Our grand old State never looked more prosperous or picturesque. The ride through Chester, Lancaster, and Dauphin presented an almost unbroken succession of autumnal pictures that rival any agricultural scenery on earth. The well-kept homes, with their settings of out-houses and shrubbery, and immense white overshoot barns with long hospitable fronts facing the south, suggesting the idea of great cattle-hotels, all tell out the thrift, culture, and good sense of their happy owners and occupants. The effects of the summer drought have been perceptibly diminished by recent rains, although the streams are still low. The broad Susquehanna, always shallow at the railroad crossing above Harrisburg, has just now this anomalous peculiarity, that in most places its stony bottom is higher than its surface. As we neared the Alleghanies along the valley of the tortuous Juniata, the late showers were reflected in greener pastures, emerald fields of new-born winter wheat, and a vernal freshness, in pleasing contrast with the gold and crimson of the frost-bitten forest. Crossing the mountains, bathed in the mellow light of the declining sun and a clear atmosphere, was a delicious experience, rendered all the more perfect by the open car assigned to our party for observation purposes. We supped at Pittsburg, and retired soon after to our comfortable berths.

The next morning we were called at seven o'clock, to breakfast at Fort Wayne at 7.30. We were then crossing the line between Ohio and Indiana. We had slept through the Buckeye and were now greeting with the morning our first glimpses of the Hoosier State. For several miles after entering Indiana by this route it has a frontier appearance, with here and there a little clearing in what Mr. Longfellow would call "the forest primeval," and a crude saw-mill. The thin, damp-looking houses are suggestive of ague. Our breakfast at the Aveline House, Fort Wayne, was excellent.

By accidental good fortune my seat at table was next to that

of Governor Cullom of Illinois, who, with a score or more of military and civic *confrères*, was on his way home to Springfield by way of Chicago from the Yorktown Centennial. I had met the governor on the previous day on the observation car, crossing the Alleghanies. He is a man of eagle phiz, indicative of love of liberty and fair play, and one who strikes me as worthy of being the executive of the State of Lincoln and Douglas, and that metropolitan miracle of our time, the city of Chicago.

Governor Cullom said to me that they had found old Yorktown the most God-forsaken place that he had ever seen, down at the heel, out at the elbows, and conspicuous for nothing but indolence and poverty, and yet its fine water facilities, in better hands, would unquestionably render it a place of shipping and maritime importance. Still they were all glad that they had been there, if for nothing more than to see the old Revolutionary landmarks in which every American felt a national pride.

Our arrival at Chicago was attended with lowering clouds and a chilly atmosphere. It was Sunday, but the streets were not especially Sabbatic in appearance. Chicago is a "go-as-you-please" city, if one may judge from appearances on short acquaintance; many of the shops were open, all the drinking-saloons were in full blast, and most of the theatres were plying their usual every-day vocation. New York compared with Chicago is positively Puritanic.

My first visit here was in February, 1854, in what may be called the climax of its first boom. Its population then numbered sixty thousand six hundred, and any thoughtless wight who ventured to mention the number of inhabitants in round numbers was sure to be reminded of the omitted six hundred! That intense local pride has been asserting itself ever since.

Everybody here believes in Chicago, no matter how great sceptics they may be in other things. They are proud of her

past, exult in her present, and are so wildly confident of her future that plain, plodding Eastern people fairly hold their breath in listening to the prophecies. To Chicagoans their city is evidently the grand central pivot upon which the American continent is yet to revolve. She now numbers exactly five hundred thousand nine hundred and eighty-seven inhabitants, and in ten years she is to rival New York in population, and surpass all other American cities in the volume of her manufactures. This is startling, considering that the manufactures of Philadelphia last year amounted to over six hundred million dollars. All this sounds very sanguine, but let us reflect a moment. The town was not organized until 1833. I saw the first white child that was ever born here during my visit in 1854. Its incorporation as a city dates from 1837. Its population was then four thousand, who lived in a few small frame houses scattered along the margin of Lake Michigan, and their streets during several months in the year were half knee-deep with black prairie mud. In 1850 her population was in round figures thirty thousand; in 1860, one hundred and twelve thousand; in 1870, two hundred and ninety-eight thousand, and this number during the last twelve years has been doubled. A population of six hundred thousand is now claimed by everybody. But the mere statement of its population conveys an inadequate idea of the city itself.

I came here expecting to be astonished, but astonishment is not a big enough word. The straggling, board-paved and unpaved city of 1854 has grown into a metropolis extending eight miles along the lake, and from the lake westward from three to five miles, covering in all a built-up surface of over thirty square miles, threaded by streets eighty feet wide, running north and south and east and west, crossing each other regularly at right angles, many of them improved with passenger railways charging five cent fares. And such streets! There are not only three or four or a half-dozen streets flanked

with miles of magnificent business edifices of a character of architecture in which solidity vies with ornament, but there are scores of avenues that may challenge comparison with the finest business thoroughfares of any city, either in the New World or the Old.

This looks like a physical marvel, but we are confronted with a still greater wonder. For a city to have grown from four thousand to six hundred thousand inhabitants in forty-four years in the semi-western waste of a new country seems incredible; but when we remember that this vast, solid Chicago is a city built in *ten years* it staggers human comprehension. The great fire in October, 1871, practically razed the city to its foundations. For five miles and a half from a point one and a half miles southwest from where I am writing, clear to Lincoln Park on Lake Michigan, four miles to the northward, the flames were as unsparing as those which once visited Sodom and Gomorrah. A cow did it in a Frenchwoman's *vacherie*. Never was there a more striking commentary upon the instability of mundane things. The great city was quickly laid in ashes, and how many human beings perished God alone knows. I visited the place where the fire originated, a thing which probably one Chicagoan in a hundred never has and never will take the trouble to do. I found it with some difficulty; not that the locality is not well known and defined, but on account of the mud and filth, the whole street having the appearance, after the late rains, of a vile cow-pen. The spot is at No. 137 DeKoven Street, and is marked by a new brick house with a white marble front, containing a stone with this inscription:

The great fire of 1871
Originated here,
and extended to Lincoln Park.
Chicago Historical Society, 1881.

London built a tower to mark the spot where her great fire

began in 1666, and it is proper for Chicago to have done this act, although, as there is nothing inspiring or particularly meritorious in the thing commemorated, the woman and the cow will probably reap the most of the immortality. As I was picking my way thither through the mud I asked for direction of a young lady, who evidently belonged to that locality. She evinced great respect for the object of my mission, and said that I would find it "a little ways on easy enough, for a marble house with a stone in it had been put there *in honor of the event.*"

The secret of Chicago's prosperity is not altogether a puzzle. Her site occupies the key-link point in the chain of communication between the rich East and the great, growing West. Water communication at this point between the Mississippi and the lakes, by means of the Michigan and Illinois Canal, settled Chicago's fortune at first, and the great railway systems which followed and here concentrate establish it forever. The products of the Northwest, her grain, cattle, and lumber, gravitate naturally to Chicago in their way to Eastern markets. Sagacious, live business men were and are just as certain to be attracted here by these conditions as bees are attracted to flowers, and the result is a population of courageous, go-ahead, clear-sighted operators, who can neither be daunted nor driven away by fire or flood. If Lake Michigan were to take it into its head, or rather its bottom, to elevate itself a score or more of feet, you would probably see Chicago turned into an American Venice quite as quickly as she Phoenixed from her late conflagration.

Of course she does not hanker for the opportunity of correcting it, but in rebuilding after the fire Chicago made a mistake. She elevated the plain on which the city is built some five or six feet to improve her drainage. She should have elevated at least ten or twelve; and had she been convinced of it then, as she is now, she would have done it, yes, if she had

been obliged to haul the necessary stones from the quarries of Massachusetts or New Hampshire. But it is now too late. Her ingenuity will have to invent some other means of improving her drainage, for, with a population of six hundred thousand, and six hundred thousand more coming, and contiguous stock-yards of such magnitude that they have within themselves thirty-two miles of drainage, all of which passes through Chicago sewers into the Chicago River, the question of improvement in this important particular is so urgent that if there is any way of precipitating their river current into the Mississippi by force it will be done. And oh, how it will gratify the average Chicagoan to be able to say that his city is bestowing upon St. Louis the benefit of its sewers!

Chicago's water is on the same broad gauge which she cultivates in everything else, Lake Michigan being practically her reservoir of supply. I visited these works yesterday, and was more impressed than ever with our own penny-wise policy of trying to make a little go round. What we need is the whole Schuylkill supply, with the canal waste abolished, or arrangements for appropriating to the city's use the waters of the Upper Delaware. There is one drawback to Chicago which she would like to remedy but cannot, and that is her pavements. The rotten old "Nicholson" is still in vogue, and they apparently can do no better, though they are now substituting cedar for pine, which is an improvement. Concretes and asphaltum are a failure. If made to stand the cold of winter, they melt in summer; so in this respect Chicago seems doomed to at least one permanent defect of having its substantial masonry of stone and iron and brick marred by the constant presence of perishable wooden pavements, although flagstones are now by law coming into general use for sidewalks. To make flagging available for street paving the stones would have to be about fifty feet square, otherwise they would disappear beneath the February mud.

I should like to tell you about my visits to the stock-yard, the packing-houses, the grain-elevators, the public parks, the great newspaper offices, the Board of Trade and Commercial Exchanges, the public library, the new city buildings, and a hundred other things of interest, but I cannot now, as I am about to leave for Omaha.

LETTER II.

CHICAGO TO OMAHA.

How to see a New Country—Superiority of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad—A Point for Philadelphia Manufacturers—Bad Effects of Grain-Gambling—The Country between Chicago and the Mississippi—A Night at Burlington—Across Iowa—A State whose Annual Crops exceed in Value the Annual Product of our Gold and Silver Mines—A Word of Advice to Fortune-Hunters.

ON THE TRAIN, November 21, 1881.

THERE is a peculiar fascination in traversing a new country for the first time. But for this one needs daylight. People who cross these Western empires in a straight heat, travelling day and night, waste half their time and miss much. I am trying to avoid this mistake. I left Chicago in the morning, crossed Northern Illinois by dusk, and stayed overnight at Burlington, Iowa, on the west bank of the Mississippi. This morning at 7.25 I took the train which is due at Omaha in time for supper. I am doing this by way of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. For various reasons this road presents unusual attractions to persons travelling from Chicago to Colorado and other Western points. In the first place, its great net-work of lines carries passengers almost everywhere, and the road, while undoubtedly making loads of money, seems run in the interest and for the convenience, safety, and comfort of passengers. The intelligent courtesy of their train officials is also a merit.

To me Chicago is a great study, a solid demonstration to all the world of what can be accomplished by pluck and enterprise

when sagaciously directed and applied. Here is one important fact which our Philadelphia manufacturers ought to think about: Chicago says that in ten years from to-day she intends to be the largest manufacturing centre in America, and she means it. The jobbing trade of New York has been largely transferred to Chicago, and why not the manufactures of Philadelphia? Our manufacturers alone can prevent it. Will they do it? They are not perceptibly pushing things in that direction, but they could. Our prominent names in this branch of industry, with rare exceptions, are not represented as they deserve to be in that growing metropolis. Let them plant themselves there at once. The names of hundreds of manufacturers on the Delaware, who have been hiding their light under a bushel, ought to be blazoned on every business block, with Philadelphia in the biggest kind of letters. If this is not sufficient, let them establish branch works there and capture the business. Chicago will welcome them. She is thoroughly cosmopolitan. She does not dislike us, but she does not know us, and we ourselves are to blame. We are nearer Chicago than is New York by several hours; the connection between Chicago and the seaboard, by the Pennsylvania Railroad, is acknowledged to have advantages over all competitors, and yet Chicago practically ignores Philadelphia in her business. Perhaps, also, our newspapers are a little amiss in this. In visiting their public library I found papers on file from all parts, including Chicago papers printed in English, German, French, Dutch, Norse, Swedish, and Bohemian, and all the leading journals of New York and Boston, with one single Philadelphia issue, *The Press*, around which there was an eager crowd awaiting their turns to get a look at it.

I went to Chicago full of righteous indignation against her grain-gamblers, the men who engineer corners for the purpose of enriching a few worthless millionnaires by artificially putting

up the price of bread. I thought that if there was one commercial wrong pre-eminently calculated to draw the fire of divine wrath, it was the needless inflation of the cost of food, compelling the struggling poor to struggle all the harder to maintain the union of soul and body, and I think so still. But it is not Chicago *alone* that is at fault. These speculative vultures abound almost wherever there are unprincipled men of large means. One year it may be Mr. Keene, with a Wall Street party; at another time it may be operators nearer home. The recent "August wheat" corner was the work of Cincinnatians. Individual Chicagoans occasionally take a hand, and sometimes burst themselves by it, as they deserve; but the great majority of the grain brokers of Chicago I found were averse to these "deals," and deplored the blighting effects which they had upon their legitimate business. The recent disastrous venture has, among other bad results, lost to the United States the sale of many million bushels of wheat, the inflated prices having driven our foreign customers to other markets to make their purchases. This is a dead loss to our country of just that much, as the cry of "short crops" is so greatly exaggerated that we shall carry that much more wheat over into another year which might have been sold to Europe at fair prices.

The revised statutes of Illinois make contracts to sell grain on option an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment, and I am glad to see that Judge Jamison in his recent charge to a Chicago grand jury quoted the statute and enlarged upon this growing evil and its disastrous effects, and promised that if any such offenders were brought before him they should not escape unpunished. Nothing may come of it. There are other statutes in Illinois, as in other States, that are practically a dead letter.

The way from Chicago to the Mississippi by this route is across rolling prairie, comparatively woodless, and consequently

with few streams ; a great corn-field, inexhaustibly fertile, and much of it made arable by ditching. There are a number of towns along the road, the most important of which are Aurora, Mendota, Galesburg, and Monmouth. Some of these have a trim, thrifty look, with broad, well-built streets. Some have established educational institutions, but the business soul and sinews of the whole region are the railroads. As we advanced westward we met the evidences of heavy rains in vast extemporized ponds and overflowed farms, and when we reached the great Father of Waters we found him turbulent and angry, and, at our point of crossing, swollen to ten times the usual proportions ; but, thanks to a strong, high bridge and long, elevated approaches to it, we overcame his highness safely, and entered Burlington, Iowa, on time, where I spent my first night west of the Mississippi River. During the evening I called at the office of the *Hawkeye* to see its renowned funny contributor, Mr. R. J. (Bob) Burdette, but he was absent in Philadelphia, and the proprietor of the paper, Mr. Hatton, was also away, filling the office of First Assistant Postmaster-General.

Across the State of Iowa from its eastern to its western boundary is a trip full of interest. The whole State is one of surprising possibilities. After the dreary stretches of more level prairie, its fine undulating lands present such a varying topography of hill-side and vale, ridge and rivulet, as ought to make a farmer's heart leap for joy. Iowa strikes me as a boneless piece of agricultural flesh, tender, juicy, and enjoyable. Although there is but little wood, the landscape is in many places surpassingly beautiful. The hills are not heavy, and yet ample to insure crops without the need of either drainage or irrigation. Nearly every field has a fine building-site ; thriving young orchards yield their annual fruits ; the climate is made wholesome by natural water-sheds, and the soil is so deep and rich that the thought of fertilizing hardly enters an Iowa farmer's head. It is no wonder therefore that thrift and

comfort should abound, but it is great wonder that the stam-pede hitherward from less favored localities is not more general.

Let me give you a few startling Iowa facts. The State of Iowa, somewhat smaller than Pennsylvania, contains thirty-five million acres of land, of which less than five per cent. is not arable. Of these acres less than fourteen millions are as yet under cultivation. The product of these, according to the Federal census, aggregated in 1880, in cereals, 276,000,000 bushels of corn, 31,000,000 bushels of wheat, 1,500,000 bushels of oats, about the same amount of rye, and over 4,000,000 bushels of barley, besides 10,000,000 bushels of potatoes. The 2,000,000 acres in tame grasses produced an aggregate value of \$18,000,000. Taking in addition to this her hogs, cattle, sheep, and dairy produce, the money product of Iowa for the single year of 1880 foots up the enormous aggregate of \$221,000,000, or a sum almost three times as great as the whole gold and silver product of our Western mines for the same year.

There are men all through the East, foreign and American born, who have industry and right intentions, some little money, and growing families, and whose thoughts of better fortune are turning to the Eldorados of Arizona, Colorado, Nevada, and Idaho, with fond dreams of a lucky strike and sudden wealth. For such I have a word of advice. Instead of seeking your fortune in gold or silver mining, go to Iowa. You may have to work harder for a time, but your work will have a manlier purpose. You may not get rich so fast, but you will run less risk of moral shipwreck, or of making your gain out of somebody else's loss. You will, moreover, be adding to the real wealth of the nation. Better than all, your sons and daughters will grow into better men and women, and these will be of more value to the Republic than her gold and silver. Like the wisdom enjoined by Solomon, their price is above rubies.

LETTER III.

ACROSS THE PLAINS.

Arrival at Council Bluffs and Omaha—The Latter a Busy City of Forty Thousand Inhabitants—The Eastern Terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad, which here receives and continues Westward the Business of Seven other Lines—Omaha a City of Extremes—New Scenery and new Experiences crossing the Plains—Nebraska's Industries and Sources of Wealth—Sunset on the Plain—The Plains on Fire—First Glimpse of the Rocky Mountains.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING TERRITORY, November 26, 1881.

I CLOSED my last as we entered Council Bluffs, a city in Iowa of eighteen thousand inhabitants, on the east side of the Missouri. The next day I crossed over to Omaha, the chief city of Nebraska, although not its capital. My stay there was less protracted than I had intended. A full day and a night answered my purpose. Omaha is a city of rapid growth, and, like many other Western towns, of great expectations. Eight years ago it had twenty thousand inhabitants. It has now forty thousand, and the advance in the price of real estate has been fabulous. Like Chicago, its importance and prosperity are largely due to the railroads. It is the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad, which great transcontinental highway here receives and continues westward the business of no less than six great railway arteries, to wit: the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Sioux City and St. Paul, Chicago and Northwest, Rock Island, Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific, Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, and the seventh, the

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, will soon be completed. I can readily imagine Omaha, on a fine wind-still summer day, to be a beautiful city ; but it is unattractive now. It is like a man who from owning nothing is growing suddenly rich, and is too busy to change his clothes, manners, and style of living all at once. He dons a superb fur-lined overcoat, but has not yet had time to change his coarse shirt and shabby hat. At this writing Omaha is conspicuous for nothing more than its extremes. The business portion of the town lies flat and low, and its resident portion almost sky-high ; its inhabitants admit that it is the coldest place on the Missouri in winter and the hottest in summer. When there is any wind at all, it is a semi-hurricane, or else there is not enough to stir a leaf, although there are no leaves to stir. It is a place so full of business visitors and floating population that there is not nearly sufficient hotel accommodations to lodge much less to make them comfortable, while there are now three immense hotels building, which, when completed, will give them a great deal more hotel room than they require. The people themselves, who are of various nationalities, are apparently divided into similar antagonistic extremes. Thus, there is a very pronounced moral and religious element, while a large section of the city is confessedly given up to licentiousness and prostitution. There is not a foot of visible pavement in the city, and when it rains, as it has been doing for the past three weeks, the broad streets are like deep beds of fluent black mortar, and when it is dry the dust is so appalling that it is a risk to walk out with one's eyes open.

Such is Omaha to-day ; to-morrow she may be swept and garnished, with her elegantly-built streets Nicholsonized, and her fine new hotels full of comfort and admiring guests. She has just finished a new opera-house, the property of its mayor, Mr. Boyd, which would not do discredit to any city in the world ; she has already turned the chocolate-colored and sandy contents of the Missouri River into excellent drinking-water, and the

question of street drainage is being agitated. Her aim is high, and Chicago is her model.

The country immediately west of Omaha, as far as the eye can reach, on both sides of the Union Pacific Road, is a fine bluff agricultural country, similar to Western Iowa, but devoid of fences. There are no division fences in Nebraska. The absence of wood makes them expensive, and by a herd law of the State they are unnecessary, as the farmer or herder is required to prevent his cattle from trespassing upon his neighbor. There is nothing that an Eastern man notices here more quickly than the absence of the irregular Virginia worm and post and rail dividing lines between fields and farms to which he is accustomed. The landscape effect, however, is better without them. The country has a more free and unselfish appearance. As we progress we meet herds driven along unfenced roads. Here and there are broad sweeps of meadow-land dotted with lakelets, and squads of hunters in search of game. The villages show considerable care and thrift, the houses being painted white, with neat outbuildings. Fifty miles out we strike a broad prairie, as level as the sea, and stretching clean to the horizon. We realize without being told that we are crossing the plains.

But they are not the misunderstood deserts of our childhood. The tall prairie and the short buffalo grasses proclaim in many cases the primitive soil; but great cornfields, with their abundant crops still ungathered, and multitudes of hay-stacks contradict the old impression that the treeless solitudes of the far West were unproductive wastes,—a sort of mythical blank upon the geography of its continent. In our way onward we pass miles on miles without a visible sign of human habitation or handiwork, save the great iron highway over which we are gliding in comfortable palace-cars so smoothly, and at an adjusted speed that renders the passing panorama as wonderful to one who has never seen it as any that the earth affords.

The road follows the course of the Platte for nearly four hundred miles. At intervals its bosom was almost covered with great flocks of geese. Seventy miles west we met the first Indians, a camp of Pawnees in their red blankets, peaceably smoking their pipes. Their object was supposed to be to enjoy the fine autumn weather, hunting, and fishing. Some more civilized people would probably not object to sharing poor Mr. Lo's lot in this particular.

Nebraska has no tame grasses. She needs none. The tall growth of the bottom-lands makes excellent hay, and the short buffalo verdure of the more elevated slopes, although it looks little better than curled bristles, is a great favorite with all herbivorous animals, and is highly nutritious. Practically the whole industry of the State is grazing and farming, and the farmer manages to turn his crops into stock which gives him value in more condensed form and cheaper transportation. The origin of the immense trains of cattle going East is thus explained.

Just before sunset our train reached a point on the plain as level as the sea, without a visible object on the surface to break the monotonous expanse. The sky was clear, with the exception of a long, filmy, purple cloud lying just above and parallel to the horizon, between which and the brown earth the red, round sun momentarily hung suspended, until he gently sank from view, promising,

"By the bright track of his fiery car,
... a goodly day to-morrow."

A few minutes later the sky-tints from the horizon to mid-heaven assumed an extraordinary blending of hues, as if the golden gate, thrown open from beneath, was welcoming, with becoming splendor, the king of day; and the full-arched heavens mirrored back the greeting in a benediction of celestial

hieroglyphs, which it would require superhuman skill to either translate or reproduce.

As the evening shades deepened a succession of prairie fires reared their lurid crests in various directions, to tell how, through the ages, the deep vegetable soil of this wonderful region had been moulded by the hand of time. These fires are grand to look at from a distance, but they are dangerous to encounter. An army officer, who was long stationed at Fort McPherson, told me of how on one occasion he and his command were surprised in camp at night by one of these fires, and that their only way of escape was by what is called "burning against the fire." This is done by quickly firing the grass to the leeward and taking possession of the burnt space, so that when the threatening flames reach the party there is nothing to burn. The following morning was a fit counterpart to the closing day,—a clear sunrise on an ocean of land.

But we are nearing the mountains. I shall never forget when first driving in the suburbs of Munich, in 1869, I inquired of my German guide what those white mountain-shaped clouds were to the south of us, and was answered, "*Das sind die Alpen!*" I had been in sight of the Alps for an hour without knowing it. In similar manner the Rocky Mountains evade too easy and familiar recognition by shrouding their snow-capped heads among the clouds, which they so closely resemble at a distance that it requires the trained eye of a train official to point them out. At Hillsdale, twenty miles east of here, the towering vertebræ of America's great spinal column first pierce the horizon. An undirected eye could not distinguish them. They are remote peaks, one hundred and fifty miles away, and their appearance above the earth-line through the clear atmosphere suggests the topsail of a vessel at sea. Of the two points here distinguishable, the more northern one glitters like a crest of burnished silver,—a long, shining, irregular ledge just above the horizon. The more southern pre-

sents a massive double front, one of pure white, the other deep azure blue. The grade grows heavier, and when we reach Cheyenne we are six thousand one hundred feet above tide, and, by the Chicago and Omaha route, one thousand eight hundred and forty-four miles from Philadelphia.

LETTER IV.

CHEYENNE TO DENVER.

How Western Towns appear and disappear—Origin and Rapid Development of Cheyenne—The Woman Suffrage Question in Wyoming Territory—What its Representative People think about it—The Reforms it has accomplished—The Town of Greeley—The Philosopher of the New York Tribune's Grandest Monument—How his Followers have solved the Temperance Problem—How that being dead he still lives.

GREELEY, COLORADO, November 30, 1881.

GREELEY is the county-seat of Weld County, the north-eastern corner of Colorado, and is beautifully situated on the line of the Denver Pacific Railroad, fifty-two miles north of Denver, and about the same distance south of Cheyenne. The latter is the capital of Wyoming Territory, and, like nearly all Western towns, has had a fitful growth. The great Pacific Railroads, which are so potential an agency in carrying civilization to our Western prairies, are quite as able to destroy towns as to build them up. Like Aladdin's palace, cities on the plains are built in a night, and if the railroad barometer points that way, they are just as liable to disappear in a week. When the Pacific Railroad, stimulated by a land grant of twenty-three million acres and fifty-two million dollars in government bonds, was pushing westward in 1867, the town of Julesburg, three hundred and seventy-seven miles from Omaha, sprang up almost with the rapidity of Jonah's gourd. It quickly attained a population of four thousand, and as quickly—in less than four months—moved on towards the Rocky Mountains, leaving a few empty huts and a popula-

tion of less than five hundred. This jump was the origin of Cheyenne City, situated exactly midway between Omaha and Ogden, the termini of the Union Pacific Railway, being five hundred and sixteen miles from both places, and about sixteen hundred from San Francisco. On the 4th of July, 1867, Cheyenne had one house. On the 10th of August, thirty-seven days later, its population, under the tremendous impetus given to it by the completion of the railroad to this point, had increased sufficiently to warrant the election of its first mayor, Mr. H. M. Hook, an old pioneer, who was afterward drowned in Green River while prospecting for silver. By the 10th of May, 1869, when the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads were completed and the engines on both roads, according to Bret Harte, met and blew their noses, the population of Cheyenne was nearly six thousand.

The Territory of Wyoming was organized the same year, and among its first and best-known historical acts was the establishment within its borders of woman suffrage. I was curious to learn the true animus of this measure, and why it was that this stripling Territory, while still overrun with red savages and white desperadoes, had taken the initiative in a measure which, with the cordial approval of some very sensible people, had made but little progress in the older States. I wondered what stout reformer of either sex had wrought this triumph. My first inquiries were not attended with satisfactory results. One old resident told me in all seriousness that the Woman Suffrage bill had been passed by their Legislature purely as a "lark" while the members were on a "spree," and that the governor had signed it in order to teach them better behavior in the future. When asked how the thing worked, as to whether the women voted, and what effect it had upon their people, he answered that the women voted "to a man," and he didn't think it did any particular harm in Wyoming, but that it would not answer at all in the older States.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "there are enough bad women in your large Eastern cities to put the Democrats in power everywhere. Here with us it don't make any difference, because our Republican majority is too big to overcome."

There is no doubt here, among people whose judgment is worth having, that the experiment has been a success, and that it will be permanent. In a conversation with Mr. M. E. Post, delegate to Congress from this Territory, he assured me that the measure has been productive of nothing but good results. In answer to my questions, he said that the subject had not been agitated by women's rights reformers of either sex, but that it had been adopted by their Legislature simply as an advertisement of their young Territory, and as such it had been a great hit, for Wyoming was immediately talked about all over the world. "But," continued Mr. Post, "while this act had not that motive, it has been attended with such excellent results that we should never think of revoking it, even if we had a constitutional right to withdraw the franchise from people to whom it has once been extended, which is doubtful. All our women vote, or at least as nearly so as the men do, and the effect has been to give us a better class of officers. The condition of our finances is an illustration. Before the women voted we were ruled so largely by thieves and rascals that our 'promises to pay' were dishonored; our credit was bad. Somehow women seem to know by instinct an honest man from a rogue, and as soon as they got the right they voted the rascals out, and it was not long before our debts were promptly paid, our warrants were received at par, and our officials attended to the duties for which they were elected."

"Do your women run for office?"

"No, sir; that don't seem to enter their heads; but no matter who or what they may be themselves, they vote for the

best men. The women are exempt from jury duty, just as some men are in your Eastern States."

Mr. Post is a rich banker, a member of the firm of Stebbins, Post & Co., but, like all capitalists of this Territory, he is also a large stock-raiser. His cattle are scattered over hundreds of miles of the great prairie, and are a source of large annual revenue.

The town of Greeley, from where I am writing, escaped being founded at Colorado Springs very much as the old town of Chester escaped being the site of the city of Philadelphia. In order to put in practice a favorite theory long cherished by the late Horace Greeley, the latter determined in 1869 to found a settlement at some auspicious point along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, and he entrusted the selection of it to his friends Mr. N. C. Meeker and General Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania. These gentlemen examined the country clear from Pueblo to Cheyenne, a distance of over two hundred miles, and had almost decided upon the present site of Colorado Springs, when the pros and cons finally tipped in favor of the fine undulating plateau on which the town of Greeley is built. The settlement was commenced in the following year, mainly by people who had imbibed the sentiments of the philosopher of the *New York Tribune*, and although they met with many discouragements at the start, they persevered until success has crowned their trials. The land was fertile, but it needed irrigation, which is now abundantly supplied by the waters of the Cache la Poudre, a tributary of the South Platte. The colony controls over a hundred thousand acres, much of which has been artificially wooded, and the men who farm it are growing rich. The yield of wheat is from forty to sixty bushels to the acre, and all the vegetables they can raise are readily marketed at high prices. The town itself has an inviting and substantial appearance of comfort and hospitality. Almost every industry is pursued that is required by the cur-

rent wants of the population. By a prohibitory liquor law the manufacture or sale of all intoxicating drinks is forever excluded, the penalty being absolute forfeiture of title to any property upon which the law is violated. There may be, and doubtless is, private drinking, but there is no drunkenness, and the people seem to feel that they have struck the true Temperance key. I learn that since this successful experiment a number of other Western towns have started out upon the same plan. Of this the city of Colorado Springs, which has six thousand inhabitants, is the most notable example. The population of Greeley is about five thousand, and as the traveler from the passing train reads on the broad side of a newspaper establishment, in bold letters, "*The Greeley Tribune*," and takes in at a glance the thrift, comfort, and intelligence of the people, it is not difficult for him to imagine that among mundane haunts this is one over which the spirit of Horace Greeley would delight to linger. Here his theories live; his teachings permeate the very atmosphere; being dead he yet speaketh.

LETTER V.

THE CITY OF DENVER.

Prevalent Impressions of Denver—Its Origin, Early History, and Rapid Growth—Its Situation and Plan—Denver as a Place of Residence—Preponderance of Young Men in the West—Climatic Attractions of Colorado as a Health Resort—Some Isothermal Facts—Denver's Mining Interests and Advantages as a Railroad Centre—Relations of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad to the State of Colorado and the entire West.

DENVER, COLORADO, December 6, 1881.

EASTERN people generally who are at all desirous of learning something about the West evince a special interest in the city of Denver. The impression has gone abroad that it is a metropolitan gem, in a wonderful setting of mountain and plain, and the railroads have emphasized this estimate by making it the natural gateway to the more distant West.

Denver had its origin in 1858. It was not then called by that name. It was hardly Denver in embryo. But its porwiggle existence was short-lived, as its founders foolishly, and against the protest of the Indians, commenced to build on the margin of Cherry Creek, near its confluence with the Platte, where a few months afterwards the rains descended, causing one of the spasmodic overflows of the stream to which the natives knew it was subject, destroying the town and burying the iron safe containing its records so deep in the quicksand that all efforts to recover it have failed. Two adjacent settlements followed, one called St. Charles and the other Aurora, and it was in the consolidation of these two in 1860 that the place emerged from its chrysalis and became the city

of Denver,—so named for the man who was then governor of Kansas. Gold had been discovered in the gulches of Gilpin County in 1859, but the first find of silver was in 1861, from which year the town may be said to have taken its real start in the metropolitan race.

In the twenty years that have intervened, its population has grown to fifty thousand, or ten thousand more than Philadelphia contained a hundred years after its settlement in 1682. Its development was a marvel from the beginning. In six years it had passed the crude transition period of prosperous Western towns, and, through the agency of its vigilance committees, became a city of commendable order and morals. Colonel A. K. McClure, in a letter written from here in 1867, in which he pronounced Denver the most inviting and substantial Western city that he had visited, said, "It now numbers eight thousand inhabitants, has seminaries and schools, nearly half a score of churches, three daily newspapers, an excellent reading-room, the finest stores I have seen west of Chicago, and a class of business men unsurpassed in character and attainments in any of our Eastern towns of the same size."

This was the estimate of Denver, by a skilful observer, fifteen years ago. Since then it has sextupled in population, replaced its older streets with business edifices worthy of Philadelphia or New York, added two hundred miles to its improved avenues, erected massive public buildings, beautified its streets with trees, watered by crystal rills, drawn from the Platte, that flank every sidewalk in the city; it has enriched its architecture, enhanced its manufacturing and commercial importance, increased its taxable assets fiftyfold, secured its claims as the capital of Colorado by a popular vote of the State, and attained the foremost place in the far West as a railroad centre.

Like Mount Zion of old, Denver is "beautiful for situa-

tion." I reached it from the north on my way from Cheyenne by the Denver Pacific Railroad, which enters the city along its western border. Passengers alighting from the trains are greeted with a wonderful view. Thirteen miles westward the Rocky Mountains, running north and south, pierce the blue heavens with their serrated crests a distance of nearly two hundred miles. To the eastward extend the great plains, first to an elevation of eighty feet to what is here called Capital Hill, and then Atlanticward as far as the eye can reach, while in the immediate foreground rises one of the most picturesque railroad structures in America, the Union Depot, jointly owned by the Union Pacific and the Denver and Rio Grande Companies, two-thirds being occupied by the officials of the latter in conducting the business of their main line and extensions, and the other one-third by the offices of the Union Pacific. The entrance into the city is through the depot by a lofty archway, from which, on a bright day, Denver presents a beautiful picture. Its wide streets are rectangular and parallel, but they cut the cardinal points of the compass diagonally. The north-and-south and east-and-west plan would have been less embarrassing to strangers, but the present arrangement is more æsthetic, as under it all the streets point towards the mountains, and everywhere afford delicious glimpses of their Alpine glories.

The city, with the exception of the central business portion, is openly built, with ample breathing-room and intervening lots that about double in value annually. Stores and dwellings are going up in every direction, and still the demand outruns the supply, as is shown by the high range of rents. A fair-sized house of brick or frame, almost anywhere within a mile of the Union Depot, rents at from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month.

In some respects Denver is as cosmopolitan as Paris, and about as large a proportion of its population live in rooms and

eat where they please. This is attributable to the tide of newcomers from the old world and the Atlantic States, who want to test Colorado life before permanently settling here. Denver is a delightful place of residence, with excellent schools, good society, plenty of amusements, an agreeable climate, and any number of refined homes and hospitable people. Consequently men leave their families here while they are off in the mountains "spying out the land," or engaging in business. The result is that the whole State is largely tributary to its capital city, and the effect is seen in its elegant residences, its numerous and well-attended churches, its multitudes of well-dressed men and women, and the splendid equipages which spin along the boulevards on every fine afternoon.

As in all Western communities, there is in Colorado a preponderance of the male sex, and among the latter are but few old men. The absence of bald heads and gray hair in their public assemblies is quite remarkable, but easily accounted for. This great westward wave of civilization must needs be pioneered and urged onward by young blood. Old men for counsel and young men for action is a maxim as old as philosophy itself, and the expression of it must be included in any just estimate of the new West with its enthusiastic life and restless energies.

Among the attractions of Colorado is its health-inspiring climate. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in Denver, and the other centres of population along the eastern flank of the great Cordillera, many delicate-looking people,—people who have come here from all parts, some of them at great pecuniary sacrifice, and not a few knowing that in this last resort they were bidding good-by to home and friends forever. The Father of Lies spoke truth when, in discussing Job, he answered Jehovah, "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." And this hygienic conflict with the "last enemy" is not always a forlorn hope. Multitudes of

men and women who came here years ago disheartened invalids are to-day rejoicing in rosy health. I have taken special pains to procure reliable data of this region as a health resort, and find that its climate is a natural panacea for consumptives. Pulmonary and tubercular affections, unless the patient comes here too late, are invariably relieved, and by a permanent residence often entirely eradicated. A striking instance of this is furnished in the experience of Hon. F. W. Pitkin, governor of the State. In the course of a conversation a few days ago at the executive chamber in the Glenarm Hotel (temporarily occupied by the government until the now authorized new capitol is built), the governor told me that his residence in Colorado was due to his diseased lungs. He was born in Connecticut forty years ago, was admitted to the bar at twenty-one, and on account of his lung-trouble was ordered to Milwaukee, where he practised law until 1874, when finding that his disease was becoming more threatening, he resolved as a last remedy to try Colorado Springs. At the end of his first winter there he felt encouraged to enter upon his battle for life with method and spirit. Accordingly, at the approach of summer he procured a tent and servant, left the Springs for the mountains, ascending higher and higher as the season advanced, and confined himself to out-door camp life until autumn, when he returned with the first snow again to winter at Colorado Springs. Mr. Pitkin repeated his experiment three successive summers, and in the autumn of 1878 was sufficiently restored to make a two months' canvass of the State, chiefly on horseback, in his first campaign for the governorship. He is now in his second term, perfectly well, not robust, but fully equal to the duties of his office, and may yet be induced to assume more arduous work in a less auspicious atmosphere, as a Senator at Washington. In this regimen Governor Pitkin exercised sound judgment, and it may be added that foolish people are quite as likely to shorten as to prolong their days by coming here. The habit

of drinking stimulants at high altitudes is especially pernicious, and during the first year or two in and around Leadville was frequently followed with fatal results.

There are three isothermal lines, or average temperatures, in Colorado: those of the plain, the broad expanse west of the Missouri; the foot-hills, where Denver is situated at an elevation of five thousand feet; and the mountains, which are from three thousand to six thousand feet higher. These three divisions correspond respectively to Philadelphia, Boston, and Montreal in their average temperature, but not in humidity, the atmosphere of Colorado being dry, and the thermal changes much less marked and frequent than in the Atlantic States.

Persons besides consumptives who are certain to be benefited by coming here, are those who suffer from indigestion, asthma, or hay-fever. Powers of assimilation are quickly regained, indigestion is almost unknown, and people who come here with weak stomachs boast, after a few months, that they can eat anything. Asthmatics are relieved almost the instant they strike this atmosphere, but the relief is limited. If they go East their burden returns. Hay-fever patients here also escape their periodic troubles. On the other hand rheumatics are not benefited, and catarrh is aggravated by the dry atmosphere and possibly the irritating particles of alkaline dust which pervade it on account of infrequent rains.

There is little use here for umbrellas. The few rains at this elevation are confined to mid-summer, and sunstroke is unknown. These natural conditions will be changed in time, in fact, are already changing under the new civilization forces. The growing of trees, the irrigation of large tracts of territory, and the increasing consumption of fuel for manufacturing and domestic purposes, have already perceptibly increased the rain-falls and diminished the snows, and with the thorough drainage of cities, in which Denver is now vigorously engaged, the

climatic attractions of the region, good as they are, must steadily improve.

This city has long since passed the ephemeral crisis. Unlike the mushroom Western towns already referred to, Denver has come to stay. Its rapid growth is of course largely due to its railroads, and the prosperity of these in turn is as largely dependent upon Colorado's mines; but as these mines are yet in their infancy, and bid fair to prove as inexhaustible as the iron and coal of Pennsylvania, the great future of the Centennial State (so called because admitted into the national sisterhood in 1876) is assured beyond a doubt. Like Chicago, Denver is master of the railroad situation, having reached that period when every iron highway in the West must become its tributary or suffer loss. Accordingly, corporate rivalry in Colorado is at white-heat, and furnishes at once the real basis of its politics and in large measure the animus of its public press. Up to this time the Denver and Rio Grande (to which railroad the development of the State is mainly due) has maintained its supremacy, and if the popular wish is respected it will continue to do so. The periodic battles in Wall Street to wrest this great system of roads from its present control and subordinate it to an overshadowing monopoly are apparent and bitter, and it is no wonder that the people of Colorado as bitterly resist the threatened innovation. It is believed here that General Palmer will continue to "hold the fort," notwithstanding the herculean endeavors to injure his credit and depreciate his property for the purpose of buying the control; and if he does, the State of Colorado will speedily become the ganglionic railway centre of the whole West, with its feeders extending to the utmost limits of the continent. General Palmer is a Pennsylvanian, as are most of his subordinates in command, and his fight with nature in domesticating the wilderness has been so brave and his methods so manly, that any sinister efforts by

capitalists to unhorse him in the race will meet with little favor among our own people.

The railroads which radiate from here are the Denver Pacific, extending from here to Cheyenne, one hundred and six miles north, completed in 1870 ; the Colorado Central, running between the same points by a different route ; the Kansas Pacific, connecting Denver with Kansas City, also completed in 1870 ; the South Park Road, connecting Denver with Buena Vista ; and the Denver and Rio Grande, built in 1871. The first four of these roads are owned or controlled by the Union Pacific, but the Denver and Rio Grande, by its ubiquitous system, running nearly eleven hundred miles through the State, is relatively of more importance to it than the other four. Besides this, its combination with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé at Pueblo gives to it an Eastern connection, the value of which has just been greatly enhanced by the laying of a third rail between Denver and Pueblo, enabling broad-gauge cars to arrive and depart without transshipping their contents.

There are many other interesting features of Denver deserving notice did time and space permit, such as her church edifices, hotels, substantial public buildings ; her streets of costly architecture, illuminated by electric light ; her ably-conducted newspapers, well-equipped passenger railways, institutions of learning, Grand Opera-House and other places of amusement ; her fashionable drives and splendid stores ; her smelters, furnaces, and other industrial works, and, chief of all, her bright, intelligent, and progressive men and women.

LETTER VI.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

Peculiarities of the Narrow Gauge—Its Superior Adaptation for Mountain Railroads—Country between Denver and Colorado Springs—Colorado a State of Corporations—How the City of Colorado Springs was created—Its Situation, People, Sources of Wealth, Amusements, Health Attractions, and Government—Lucky Strikes—How Governor Tabor got his Millions—Manitou Springs, the Saratoga of the West—Alpine Paradise of Vice-President Bell.

COLORADO SPRINGS, December 12, 1881.

FIRST, a word about my trip to this point. Before being seated in the comfortable "chair-car" of the train which leaves the Union Depot at Denver at 8 A.M., let us take a look at the narrow track, the cars, and the locomotive. As it is my first experience on a narrow-gauge road, and probably yours, it will not be a waste of time. The track is of steel, and well laid, but to Eastern people it has a diminutive look. Can it be safe? It is exactly three feet from rail to rail. Won't the train capsize? No, for relatively it is as wide as the standard gauge. How's that? First, observe the engine. Instead of the huge driving-wheels to which we are accustomed, these are much smaller in diameter, and the body of the engine correspondingly nearer the ground. The same relative proportions pertain to the cars. They are also on lower wheels, and are somewhat narrower than ours and very much lighter, though strongly built. Thus you perceive the centre of gravity is in perfectly safe control. Now let us step inside. What! seats for as many passengers as in the broad gauge? Yes, and

I will tell you how it is done. There is about one foot taken out of the passage-way and six inches from the length of the seats on each side. It looks a little cramped, but it shows surprising economy of space. And now that we are seated and have picturesque premonitions of the semi-balloon ascensions that these trains are intended to achieve, over, through, and under mountain chains that hobnob with the clouds all the year round, the thought comes to us forcibly that the "narrow gauge" cut the Gordian Knot in mountain railroading, and that the Denver and Rio Grande Railway initiated a new epoch in overcoming railway impossibilities. The trains being narrower are more flexible and sinuous, and can therefore wind in and out, over and around the gorges, peaks, cliffs, and cañons of the road, where it would be dangerous, if not impossible, for the broader gauge. Then, again, the trains being very much lighter in weight, their momentum is proportionately less in case of accidents, an element of safety in their favor which has been generally overlooked.

After leaving the depot, we had scarcely reached the Denver and Rio Grande shops before our train was stopped in order to put a snow-plough in front of the locomotive. There was no sign of snow at Denver, but the telegraph announced "two feet on the Divide," the culminating ridge, seven thousand feet high, which divides the valley of the South Platte from the valley of the Arkansas, and over which the road passes, fifty-two miles south of Denver. We had use for the plough, although it was subsequently ditched, whereupon a facetious passenger remarked that he knew that putting the snow-plough in *front* was a mistake, as the train ought to have been allowed to go ahead to clear the track. The detention experienced, however, was not unwelcome, as it afforded better opportunity to take in the wondrous panorama of mountains and valleys, natural and artificial streams, undulating plains and hills surmounted with great castellated rocks of soft sandstone. The

latter are a curiosity, and in some cases so nearly resemble huge monuments of architecture that it is difficult to believe that the tall minarets, gothic outlines, and regular masonry were wrought by the action of the elements without the aid of man.

Colorado is a State of corporations. In fact, without them it would be little more to-day than an unimproved wilderness. With what corporations have done, are now doing, and promise to do, it is a great Commonwealth, destined to become the home of millions of happy, prosperous, and contented people. Whatever may be the ultimate outcome of this corporate power in the State, no one here questions its present value and importance. Of course the pioneer and controlling corporations of Colorado are the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company and its Prince Imperial, or "right bower," the Colorado Coal and Iron Company. These two giant agencies permeate the State and direct its development at all points. The fruition of their combined brains and energy is practically the difference between the Colorado of to-day and the comparatively unexplored wilderness it embraces that was organized into a Territory twenty years ago. From the very beginning the region was more than a match for individual effort and enterprise. Its first roads and ditches were the work of companies, and among the most prosperous Colorado corporations now are those formed (some of them with large capital) to irrigate the arable portions of the State. Some of the latter have a capacity to serve ditch-water to the owners and occupants of a hundred thousand acres, their charge for the service being an average of one dollar per acre annually. Another striking illustration of corporation work is furnished in the origin, growth, and prosperity of the city of Colorado Springs.

Ten years ago a number of gentlemen, including several officials of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company, took up a tract here of ten thousand acres under the corporate name

of the Colorado Springs Company. They immediately surveyed, cut it up in ample-sized lots, laid out streets from one hundred to one hundred and forty feet in width, crossing each other at right angles, planted twenty thousand trees along its avenues, and introduced hundreds of miles of irrigating ditches, skirting every sidewalk, the water being introduced from unfailing mountain streams of excellent water. They soon sold enough lots to repay their original expenditure, since which the proceeds of their sales, instead of being divided among the stockholders, are regularly reinvested in embellishing the town with attractive educational, religious, and refining edifices. Like the town of Greeley, it was incorporated with the prohibitory liquor clause, and is hence as innocent of drinking-saloons or gambling-hells as the Garden of Eden.

The location of Colorado Springs is one of rare natural advantages. It is seventy-five miles south of Denver, and forty-five miles north of Pueblo. While the site is a perfectly smooth plain, it has a gentle declination towards the valley of the Arkansas of thirty feet to the mile, giving sufficient fall to its irrigating streams. On its western border is the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and directly beyond are the Rocky Mountains, with Pike's Peak lifting its granite apex fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven feet above the level of the sea. The atmosphere is so dry and invigorating that consumptive patients come here from all over the world, many of whom are restored and so well pleased that they make it their permanent home. Others come here too late, and hence the business of "embalming" is one of the dreary occupations of Colorado Springs.

Its sources of wealth are purely external. There are many rich men residing here and people of culture, and there is an extensive banking business; but, commercially speaking, it is a retail place, with many luxurious homes. The central offices of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway are located, and some

of its principal officers reside here all the year round. The city has several churches, a club-house, lyceum, and places of amusement, all conducted on a dignified scale. A favorite summer amusement here is the Sunday picnic. A number of congenial people make up a party, take their lunch, and drive to the adjacent mountains for the day, the foot-hills of which furnish any number of delicious nooks where champagne can be cooled in the snow on one side of a hill or large rock, while the people who are to drink it protect themselves from the heat of the sun upon the other side under a tent or the cool shade of an aspen or a mountain pine. This is also largely the home of the ranchmen whose herds and flocks range within a radius of seventy miles. These ranch-owners are in many instances young men from the East, of good education and high social connections. They find the employment at once healthful and lucrative. What the town most needs is a good hotel, and this it is to have in a little while, as the requisite funds are already subscribed and the foundations laid.

Three years ago an office clerk without money was solicited to go into a mining enterprise. Being sober, honest, and industrious, some one loaned him the necessary four hundred dollars to "go in." In three months from that date his individual income from the venture was *four hundred dollars a day!* He subsequently sold out his interest for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash, and with his two partners in the enterprise settled down quietly in Colorado Springs. The three have since shown their public spirit by erecting for the benefit of the citizens an eighty-thousand-dollar opera-house, from the business portion of which they derive an annual income of fifteen per cent. on their investment!

Every one has heard of the rich H. A. W. Tabor. At Denver his name is blazoned everywhere, and the same is true of Leadville and some other mining towns. Opera-houses, stately blocks of business edifices, great smelting and milling

establishments, hotels, rich mines, and corporations either claim him as their sole owner, partner in business, or chief originator. He is also the lieutenant-governor of Colorado. Four years ago H. A. W. Tabor was the proprietor of a fifth-rate grocery in a cabin still standing on the outskirts of Leadville. Two miners purchased provisions at his store to the amount of thirty dollars, and being out of money Mr. Tabor, as a favor to his impecunious customers, took in payment a third interest in their mine. The mine proved to be the celebrated "Little Pittsburg," out of which the lucky, if not sagacious, purchaser is said to have since made two millions of dollars. In this way the hunger of two miners became the "tide in the affairs" of Mr. Tabor which flooded him on to fortune. He is now a man of dash and enterprise, universally commended for his public spirit, and is regarded as the last man in the world to hide his light under a bushel. I could relate many other instances of sudden wealth from mining in Colorado of a more or less similar character. Some of the fortunates make good use of their prosperity, and really prove themselves worthy of their success, but there are many revolting exceptions.

In one respect the name of Colorado Springs is a misnomer. The celebrated mineral springs from which it takes its name are not located here, but at Manitou, six miles west. The latter has sprung into great favor as a summer resort. I arrived at Manitou Springs at night in a pelting snow-storm. On waking the next morning and looking from the three windows of my corner room I seemed to be in a great mountain amphitheatre surrounded by snow-drifts two thousand feet high! I counted nineteen distinct cones, among which was the giant of the region, Pike's Peak, all blanketed in white to their very summits. The snow on the level was twenty-seven inches deep. The sun shone brightly through the deep blue, and the air was as mild as May. I expected an ocean of slush, but was mistaken. One needs a personal introduction to the thermal

peculiarities of the West to understand them. I was told that on account of its dryness the atmosphere acted as an absorbent, and that between the effect of the winds, the warm sun, and the dry ether overhead, the snow would rapidly disappear, leaving the gravel and sand soil beneath with scarcely a trace of moisture, and I have since found this to be a fact. I spent the evening of the same day with Dr. William A. Bell, vice-president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, at his mountain paradise near Manitou, and enjoyed his graceful hospitality. I imagined that the mercury was falling to freezing-point, and found on examination that it stood eight degrees above zero! The dry atmosphere made the cold comparatively imperceptible. When the porter came to my room the next morning to build a fire the snow was whirling about the mountain peaks and down their steep sides like ten thousand furies, and I expected to be frozen. But I was told that it was a west wind, and that the harder it blew the warmer it got, and the sooner it would finish the snow. Correct again. I have since learned that the winds here from the west and northwest are always mild. Although they sweep across a thousand miles of mountain chasms covered with snow, they carry on their swift wings the mellow air of the Pacific, and raise the temperature. It is here as elsewhere that the wind which bloweth from the east is neither liked by man nor beast.

The attractions of Manitou to persons in quest of relaxation and health are, first, its medicinal springs and pure mountain air, at an altitude of six thousand two hundred and ninety-seven feet; and, secondly, the rare geographical features and geological curiosities which within easy distances surround it. Among the latter are Williams's Cañon, Rainbow Falls, Red Cañon, Garden of the Gods, Glen Eyrie (the mountain home of General Palmer), Cheyenne Cañon, Summit of Pike's Peak, Manitou Park, and the Cave of the Winds. The little park in which Manitou nestles is the eastern entrance to the celebrated

Ute Pass, which is also in summer one of the local attractions. The deep snow interfered somewhat with my sightseeing, but the trip to the Soda Fountain alone repaid me for my pains. This beautiful spring, situated near the Cliff House, furnishes a delicious natural soda water so highly effervescent that the gas globules bubble up through the cool, limpid water as large as walnuts. No wonder that the Indians called it the boiling fountain, and that the French subsequently named the stream, of which these springs are the source, the Fontaine Qui Bouille (pronounced Kib-we).

LETTER VII.

THE CITY OF PUEBLO.

How North and South Pueblo are divided, and the latter fostered by two Giant Corporations—An organized "Boom" on a Mammoth Scale—Immense Steel-Works of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, without a rival within a thousand miles—Rapid Appreciation of Real Estate—The Gambling Barometer—The Three Prime Curses of the West—A Remarkable Iron Spring—Some Startling Historical Facts—Amazing Contrast between the Now and the Not Long Past.

PUEBLO, COLORADO, December 16, 1881.

PUEBLO is the Spanish word for town. Hence the term when applied to Indians is not a tribal appellation, but a word to distinguish them from the nomadic or wandering savages.

The city of Pueblo is the seat of government of the county of that name, and at this writing is a divided city in a two-fold sense. The Arkansas River divides it from west to east, and the two sections are under separate municipal rule. The older part, or original Pueblo, is situated on the north side of the river, whilst the new, or south-side section, is called South Pueblo. The old town contains six thousand inhabitants; the new about four thousand five hundred, with every prospect of leaving its competitor in the background in the near future. The cause of this development southward is easily explained. When the Denver and Rio Grande Railway reached here (one hundred and twenty miles south of Denver) in 1872, the managers of that company rightly foresaw that Pueblo, with its stimulating railroad termini, completed and prospective, must rapidly become a point of commercial and manufacturing

importance. In order to foster this tide and turn it to the best advantage the Colorado Coal and Iron Company secured an immense tract of territory on the south side of the Arkansas, and with its *confrère*, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company, is now engineering one of the most gigantic local "booms" ever witnessed on this continent. The land purchased was known as the "Nolan," an old Mexican grant covering eleven square Spanish leagues, or forty-eight thousand acres in a solid body, extending in triangular shape from the Arkansas River to the St. Charles. A considerable portion of this is bottom-land near the river, and of this one hundred and fifty acres was sold to the Denver and Rio Grande Railway for the use of its depots, round-house, and machine-shops. The remainder of the tract is on the *mesa*, or table-land, eighty feet higher, and extends southward a beautiful plain from which every house in the lower city and the valley of the Arkansas for a long distance are distinctly seen, as well as the Rocky Mountains forty miles westward for more than a hundred miles. In a pleasant drive across this sunny elevation with the Colorado Coal and Iron Company's accomplished Pennsylvania vice-president, I saw a thousand acres laid out in town-lots, with wide streets embellished with ten thousand well-grown trees, and of these lots the company has sold during the current year to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. The remainder of the tract will, in time, be similarly improved, excepting the twelve hundred acres reserved for the company's Bessemer Steel-Works Plant and Buildings, which occupy the southeastern section, and have a capacity for producing thirty thousand tons of steel rails per annum. These works, which are the most extensive west of the Mississippi, and surpassed by few in the Atlantic States, now cover an area of forty acres, and the houses of the employés, store buildings, and hotel on the opposite side of the railroad monopolize four hundred acres more. Seventy-five houses, of from three to six rooms each,

have been already erected by the company, none of which will be sold, but held and rented. This is in harmony with their general scheme to foster a mutual interest between the employers and the employed, and thus guard against internal dissatisfaction and difficulty. The great comparative freedom of labor in the West suggests the policy of such a course.

Of the particulars of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company's immense industries at this point, and their large possessions of coal and mineral lands throughout the State, aggregating over one hundred thousand acres, it is not necessary to speak here further than to say that they include extensive magnetic ore-mines near Salida, and at Placer, in Southern Colorado, with large deposits of hematite ores in San Luis Park, and fifteen thousand acres of valuable bituminous and anthracite coal lands. The latter are located respectively, and profitably worked, at Crested Butte, in the Gunnison Country, Cañon, Cuchara, and El Moro, where are also established their extensive coke-works, employing two hundred and fifty ovens. El Moro is the extreme southern terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande Road, and the coke there made is said to equal the Connellsville product of our own State, and is largely used at the three most prominent Colorado smelting centres, Leadville, Denver, and Pueblo. The present number of employés of this ubiquitous organization is two thousand, and its monthly pay-roll one hundred and eight thousand dollars.

Like Denver, Pueblo is a conspicuous railroad centre, and is becoming more so. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé connects it with the East, the Denver and Rio Grande runs its trunk through it from Denver, one hundred and twenty miles north, to El Moro, eighty-six miles south, and from this point westward the extensions of the latter run in all directions over the State and down into New Mexico like the legs of a spider. In fact, the business prospects of Pueblo are so well assured, that the tide of immigration and the quick demand

for business of all sorts and lots for building purposes recalls the Chicago excitement of thirty years ago. It is not uncommon to find business places, especially on the south side, bringing an annual rental equal to the selling price of the property ten years ago. The Victoria Hotel, from which I am writing (which also belongs to the Colorado Coal and Iron Company in common with many other business edifices), pays the owners a rental of five hundred dollars per month, or six thousand dollars a year, and the whole property would not be considered extra cheap in Pennsylvania at ten thousand dollars. Banks are multiplying. New institutions organizing with fifty thousand dollars capital quickly run up their deposits to quadruple that amount. One and one-half to two per cent. a month is the common rate of interest, and losses are comparatively rare.

The principal streets teem with mercantile life, and many of the stores do a large and profitable business. The Smelting and Steel Works afford in themselves employment for a large population, and numerous other kindred industries are projected and springing up. Even conservative Puebloans anticipate doubling their population at least every year for some time to come.

In this country it is an admitted fact that the surest test of any town's prosperity is its brothels and gambling-saloons. In course of time, as the prosperity settles down into dead-level work and legitimate enterprise, this element is in a measure eliminated, as the molten slag and dregs are run out of a refining-pot. But the population of Pueblo has not reached that point in the crucible. Any number of gambling-dens nightly flaunt their bold invitations on nearly all the streets, and one of the most repulsive spectacles that I have ever witnessed was the eager, hard-visaged crowds of men surrounding as many as a dozen tables on a single floor, so intent upon and often goaded by their ill luck, that they looked more like demons than human beings. The large majority were evi-

dently men of toil, who come here nights to "speculate" with their earnings of the day. Drinking-bars, at which lewd women vie with drunken men in their disgusting tipples, form an important feature of these establishments, and it would be safe to infer that there are at least as many shooting-irons in the crowd as there are hands to use them. Late at night the reckless use of these weapons is not unusual, and, as a rule, the wrong man is shot. It would be a great blessing to this whole country if whiskey and pistols could be abolished. They are the prime curses of the region. A few hundred miles farther west the uncivilized nomad Indian completes the trio, and in his "cussedness" outhierods the other two. Whiskey and pistols have their proper uses, but the untamed savage who takes as much delight in the scalps of women and children to-day as he did three hundred years ago is a cumberer of the earth, and will undoubtedly disappear from it with the mountain jaguar and the cinnamon bear.

Many of the most valuable mineral discoveries in the West have been purely accidental. Parties prospect for one thing and stumble upon another. Thus, in 1878, Mr. Silas Clark came from the Venango region of Pennsylvania to Pueblo to bore for oil. He persevered with his drill for months without a "show," but at a depth of fourteen hundred feet he struck a better thing,—the most wonderful iron spring in America. It has been flowing four hundred barrels a day ever since, and besides having resulted in a profitable iron-water-cure establishment, it has attained a commercial value, as the shipments of the water for medicinal purposes aggregate as much as two hundred barrels a day, and net the owners two dollars a barrel. The spring is now under a company, of which the Hon. Henry D. Cooke was a part owner. The water is so highly impregnated with iron that in bulk it has a red appearance, and some of the most stubborn liver and kidney troubles, including Bright's disease, are said to have been completely cured by its

use. The water flows at a temperature of eighty degrees, and holds the iron in solution perfectly when stored in charred whiskey-casks. Baths in the water are taken for rheumatism with good effects.

Writing, as I am, from the border-line which, up to the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1848, divided the United States from old Mexico, I am reminded of many interesting historical facts, the most immediate of which are our war with Mexico, the territory which our government acquired by it, and the amazing development it has since undergone. Recourse to a map will be of interest in this connection. The boundary between the two countries, as settled in 1848, extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, along a line beginning at the mouth of the Rio Grande and following its course to the southern boundary of New Mexico, thence along the southern borders of New Mexico, Arizona, and the State of California to the Pacific coast. Now, in order to get an intelligent idea of what that territorial acquisition really was, reference must also be had to the boundary of the great trans-Mississippi purchase made by President Jefferson in 1803. That purchase from France under Napoleon fixed the line between the United States and the Spanish possessions as follows: from the mouth of the Mississippi River, along the Gulf of Mexico as far west as the mouth of the Sabine; along this river northward as far as the thirty-first parallel; thence due north to the Red River; up that stream to the one hundredth meridian; thence north again to the Arkansas River; thence with that river to where it breaks through the Rocky Mountains; thence north along the mountain-chain to the forty-second parallel of latitude, and along that parallel due west to the Pacific. The eastern boundary of this purchase, under the general title of Louisiana, was the Mississippi River from its mouth to its source. The belt of land lying between these two outlines represents what we acquired by the annexation of

Texas and our war with Mexico, and, as you will perceive, covers the whole of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, parts of Wyoming and Indian Territories, and two-thirds of Colorado,—namely, all that portion of the State lying south of the Arkansas and west of the Rocky Mountains, an area of something over eight hundred thousand square miles, or more than ten times the area of Pennsylvania. The price paid for this enormous tract into the Mexican treasury was fifteen million dollars, besides assuming all debts due from the Mexican government to American citizens, not exceeding three million five hundred thousand dollars. This does not seem a dear purchase considering that the silver-mines of Colorado alone produced two million dollars more than that amount in bullion last year.

But the Jefferson purchase furnishes a still more wonderful contrast between the price paid and the present value. The Mexican acquisition was in some measure a forced purchase. Not so with Louisiana. Thomas Jefferson, through his trusted agents, Mr. Livingston and James Monroe, made a deliberate bargain with the French emperor. The territory secured to the United States by that purchase exceeded one million square miles, or six hundred and forty million acres. The price paid was eleven million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or one and three-quarter cents per acre! Was there ever such a speculation? The statesman and patriot who engineered it was not enriched by it, nor the men who shared the honor of his brilliant administration, but the benefits thereby secured to the American people through all time are simply incalculable. One and three-quarter cents an acre for a million square miles! Why, there are lots selling within two blocks of where I am writing at five hundred dollars a front foot! The whole State of Colorado is less in extent than one-tenth of the Jefferson purchase, and its gold- and silver-mines alone produced last year over twenty million dollars, besides its coal,

iron, lead, copper, grazing, and agricultural products. The taxable wealth of this county (Pueblo), only about a hundredth part of the whole State, is ten million dollars, and this, too, before the white population of Colorado yet averages three people to the square mile. Nay, more, the bonded debt and capital stock of the great corporation above referred to, whose plant is here situated on the south bank of the Arkansas, is twelve million dollars, or more by three-quarters of a million than the amount of Jefferson's purchase. We may well pause and ask, What of the future? That purchase was made within the memory of men still living, and as there is no better way of anticipating the future than by scanning the past, what surprises of wealth and population may not be developed in the great West within the lifetime of men now born!

LETTER VIII.

WESTERN WONDERLAND—SAN LUIS PARK.

The Agricultural Possibilities of Colorado—Uses and Cost of Irrigation—All Farm and Garden Products sold by Weight—Cañon City—Grand Cañon of the Arkansas and Royal Gorge—Day and Night Views of this Awful Freak of Nature—What these Views suggest—The Historic Pass of Thermopylæ and the Heroism of General Palmer—The Sidereal Heavens as seen from Lower Regions—Beauty and Grandeur of San Luis Park; its Hot Springs and Rich Deposits of Iron Ore and other Minerals.

SAN LUIS PARK, COLORADO, December 21, 1881.

LEAVING Pueblo for the Leadville and Gunnison districts, we traverse the bottom-lands of the Arkansas to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, fifty miles west. The possibilities of this fertile valley are as yet unappreciated. The greed for quick wealth, stimulated by the rich discoveries of gold and silver in the mountains of Colorado within the last few years, has overlooked the slower but surer profits of agriculture, and hence the best of grazing and farming lands can still be bought very cheaply, and yet their money yield is, in some cases, surprising. The apple crop alone of a single farmer near Cañon City this year netted him three thousand dollars. I have ridden across another farm near the northern end of this Park, whose owner gathered two hundred tons of hay as his last summer's crop, which he is now marketing at thirty dollars a ton,—a low price compared with former years. No matter how rich the varied and widely extended mineral deposits of Colorado may prove to be (and it is probable that the half is not

yet imagined, much less discovered), the time must come when farming will be the main industry of the State. This idea has already taken root at Greeley and parts of Boulder County, and the whole valley of the Arkansas will doubtless in a few years teem with agriculture. Among the other counties possessing fine farming lands are Larimer, Jefferson, Arapahoe, Douglas, El Paso, Fremont, and Las Animas. All these lie east of the Continental Divide. I am told also, that Gunnison, a large county in the central-western part of the State, contains parks and valleys well adapted for grazing and farming purposes, but of this I can form a safer judgment after I have been there.

The two drawbacks to agricultural development in Colorado are, first, that people come here with fortune-hunting on the brain, and immediately strike for the mines; and, secondly, the fact that lands can only be made profitable for farming purposes by irrigation. But the cost of irrigation is not great, while it has this advantage over regions which depend wholly upon rainfalls, that the requisite quantity of moisture can be accurately regulated one season with another. It is probable that failures from drought, or excessive rains, in the Atlantic States, more than equal the cost of irrigation here, where it is at all practicable, and ultimately it must become practicable everywhere, either by draining mountain streams or by sinking artesian wells. Of course the prospect of a large and long-continued mining population will make it all the better for the agricultural interest. I am told that there is hardly a farmer of respectable capacity within fifty miles of Denver who has not acquired, or is not acquiring, a handsome competency. The published price-lists of field and garden products afford a good reason for this statement. Everything that grows in this country on the land or in the water, be it animal, fruit, or vegetable, is sold by the pound, and every pound tells. Potatoes and cabbages sell at from two to ten cents a

pound, and it is not long since the former brought as high as fifteen in some portions of the State. A good truck-raiser here can take more money from the acre for his onions and cabbages than the California fruit-grower realizes for his pears and grapes.

Forty miles west of Pueblo we reach Cañon City, situated in the gateway to the mountains, at the head of the Arkansas Valley, in this section of the State, the point where the river of that name suddenly changes its pastoral character for that of a bold, dashing engineer, as we shall discover in following its course through the mountains to its source. Cañon City has two thousand inhabitants, and gains some importance from its proximity to the Colorado Coal and Iron Company's coal-mines, ten miles southeast of there, in the Cañon coal-field, and the junction of the branch railway to Silver Cliff and the Wet Mountain Valley.

Two miles west of Cañon City we reach the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas and the Royal Gorge, which constitute the scenic lion of the region. All the way from Pueblo the hoary head of Pike's Peak is in view on our right, sometimes planting its huge outline against the northern sky, among the surrounding summits, like a mammoth elephant in a menagerie among lesser animals, and at others merely lifting its dome above the horizon like an oval cloud. It is recorded that when Major Pike, for whom the peak is called, came to this country in 1806, with his party, by authority of the War Department, they first saw this towering mountain at a distance which they expected to travel over between noon and sunset, instead of which the journey occupied three days' hard riding. But we are nearing the gorge, the point on our road where the Arkansas River shows what it has been doing during the interval between this and the time when "the mountains were brought forth." Marvellous exhibition! It is a record in stone, graven in the rock not with a pen of iron, but by the

flood of a stream before which "the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place and the waters wear the stones, washing away the things which were."

We entered the cañon from the eastern end and witnessed the amazing panorama in an open observation car at the rear of the train, riding backwards. This was necessary in order to protect our eyes from the volumes of smoke and cinders from the locomotive. There were a dozen people in the car, and they all had the good sense to keep silent during the passage through this ten-mile intestine of our common mother. The intensity and variety of impressions awakened must depend largely upon one's cerebral construction. The tailor who exclaimed at first sight of Niagara that it was a glorious place to sponge a coat would hardly have his hat lifted off his head by his hair; but our party made the trip with becoming reverence. They kept their hats on for sanitary reasons, but they looked awestruck, and I think some of us forgot to breathe. Nowhere on the earth (or certainly *hardly* anywhere) are its bowels laid open to the light to such a profound depth. Various writers have endeavored to describe a Rocky Mountain cañon, but their descriptions convey a feeble idea of the terrible reality. They have faintly reproduced a few touches of the Almighty Architect, though not as well as the photographer has done it; and even the camera is at fault because of the ceaseless changes displayed to the passing observer, not to speak of the kaleidoscopic variations produced by the light, the weather, and the seasons. To-day it presents an adamant wall, at some points sparkling with myriads of icicles; farther on there is a leaning palisade of snow three thousand feet high, embellished to its summit with evergreen trees arranged with as much apparent regularity as the patterns of a paper on the wall. The cañon from end to end, and the gorge with its towering walls so close to each other that the road-bed is forced over a suspended bridge, are in plain prose

a zigzag rocky chasm from five hundred feet to a half-mile in depth, torn through the earth's irregular crust for ten miles, craggy at some places and perpendicular at others, with the waters of the Arkansas dashing madly down its angular bed.

Like all the grander displays of Nature, this lifts the thoughts of all who behold it, excepting fools and atheists, from the thing itself to the hand that made it; and with the railroad running through it, it also suggests the anomaly of man's comparative littleness coupled with his audacity and power. The men, with General William J. Palmer at their head, who conceived the feat of making this forbidding gorge a great highway, to facilitate the world's traffic and the inter-flow of the population between the East and the West, performed a nobler work for mankind, in thus utilizing the pass of the Arkansas, than did the historic three hundred Spartans who perished in defending the Pass of Thermopylæ. By indomitable will they grasped from nature the right of way through this colossal fissure, built their iron highway, and now hold for all time the key to this mountain region, as there is no more probability of a rival road ever being built through it than there is of seven weeks being crowded into a month.

A night view of this great chasm is still more awful in its grandeur. The clairvoyant spirit of Dante, in depicting the cavernous abodes of the Inferno, might have taken nocturnal glimpses of these gloomy depths for his original ideas. Soon after my day passage through the Grand Cañon, I traversed it at night on my way to San Luis Park. It was three o'clock in the morning when our train reached its eastern entrance. The clanging echoes attracted my attention. The withdrawal of the window-shade disclosed a wondrous scene. We were winding our way up the abysmal gorge at a depth which even at noonday excludes the light; but the craggy walls were visible from their base to where they traced their riven, ragged, and

everchanging outlines against the heavens. The Niagaras of snow and ice which gleamed at intervals from their perpendicular heights relieved the desolation, and the Arkansas River compressed into its narrow bed, and struggling with its winter fetters, played a sullen accompaniment to the passing train, the curvature of which was frequently so great that I saw the headlight of the engine from my pillow in the rear car of the train. But the sidereal view formed the climax of the scene. I had observed that in this ethereal atmosphere the stars have a peculiar nearness to the earth; but from the bottom of this great gulf they appeared to adorn the dome of some towering edifice. The constellations of Orion, Leo, and Taurus with the Pleiades glistening on his shoulder, seemed in the moon's absence to render her silvery beams unnecessary; whilst the few planets visible in that narrow belt of sky shone with the brilliancy of an electric light.

Fifty-six miles northwest of the Grand Cañon we reach the town of Salida, or South Arkansas, the point where the Denver and Rio Grande Railway diverges in various directions and points its finger-boards toward Leadville, sixty-two miles north, the Gunnison and Crested Butte one hundred miles west, Maysville eleven miles in the same direction, and through Poncho Pass into and across San Luis Park by way of Villa Grove, forty miles south. The entrance to this beautiful valley or park is accomplished over a grade as high as two hundred and eleven feet to the mile through the sublime scenery of Poncho Pass, and emerging from that wild chasm we are confronted with a wonderful view. The rugged mountains, through which the train has been zigzagging for miles, suddenly diverge, one range stretching away to the northwest called the Saguache (Sa-watch), and the other to the southeast, known by the no less sacred appellation than Sangre de Cristo, or Blood of Christ. West of the latter mountain chain, whose snow-covered summits reach far away and sepa-

rate with increasing distance, lies the most remarkable valley on earth. It is more than a hundred miles long and from ten to fifty miles wide, larger in extent than the State of Connecticut, and near its southern extremity the celebrated Sierra Blanca, or White Mountain, rears its snowy dome to an altitude of fourteen thousand four hundred and sixty-four feet, the highest point with a single exception in North America; while around its southern border are distinctly traced the peaks of mountains in New Mexico one hundred and twenty miles distant.

The whole valley is enclosed in a perfect mountain frame, and from a foot-hill at Smith's Gulch, near the northern extremity, where I spent a night in a miner's camp, I saw the full expanse of this beautiful plain as distinctly as one may view New York harbor from the spire of Trinity Church. There are slight undulations in it, but the whole park seemed as level as the sea whose bottom it once unquestionably formed. There are a number of towns and villages embraced in the view, but they are not visible to the naked eye on account of distance; and yet the remotest limit appears to be but a few miles off, so illusive is eye measurement in this transparent air. Here and there we observe narrow, dark seams running from the mountains toward the centre of the valley. These are the lines of cottonwood which in this country almost invariably flank the natural water-courses. Thousands of cattle feed in this isolated vale, enriching their owners from year to year, and the heaven-piercing barriers around are the depositories of untold mineral wealth. I drove across this valley from west to east, in an open wagon, with the thermometer at zero, without discomfort, the atmosphere being so dry and tonic that the temperature is almost as misleading as the distance of objects. Our road across the plain was largely improvised, for in this broad and almost fenceless level one may start for a point thirty or forty miles

away and simply fix his eyes until he reaches it; but before that issue he will arrive at the conclusion that distances in San Luis Park are as prolific in reproducing themselves as the widow's cruse.

My first object in crossing the Park was to see the hot springs which bubble from the mountain-side at a temperature of one hundred and forty degrees and rush down the gulches, smoking in their flow, till they unite and form one of the irrigating cottonwood streams already mentioned. It was a curious spectacle to see these steaming rivulets flowing amid fields of snow, and the crystallized vapor from their surface decorating the grasses and shrubbery on the banks with a coat of hoarfrost that glittered in the sunlight. From the exposed ledges of decomposed lime in the vicinity of these springs it is probable that the heating source is the slaking of vast limestone deposits in the bed of the mountain.

Within a short distance of the springs, at the terminus of an extension of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, built to this point for the use of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, are located their immense deposits of hematite iron ore. The tract covers an area of nearly a hundred acres, and the deposit of ore, where now worked, is fifty-seven feet thick. It is remarkably pure, from fifty-three to fifty-eight per cent. iron, and when I visited the company's steel-works at Pueblo, I found them working it in their furnaces with entire success, without any admixture of other ores, and producing a very superior Bessemer iron. Prospectors are now at work in the surrounding mountains, and the discoveries indicate that this valley is destined to become no less celebrated for its mineral wealth than its physical beauty and agricultural promise. Of the four similar mountain parks in Colorado, the North, the Middle, the South, and the San Luis, the last is the most extensive, and the lowest in altitude, its mean elevation above tide being about seven thousand feet.

LETTER IX.

LIFE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Characteristics of Mountain Life—The “Tenderfoot” Era—How to Westernize Rapidly—What we owe to Pioneers—Visit to the Calumet Iron-Mines—Excitements of a Solitary Drive—Arrival at the Mines amid a Shower of Stones—Enough Magnetic Iron Ore to supply a Continent—Crossing the Continental Divide—Chief-Engineer McMurtrie’s Monument—The Highest Railroad in the World with one Exception—An Impressive View of the Heavens and the Earth—Thermal Peculiarities—A Day at Long’s Camp.

IN CAMP, TWO MILES ABOVE TIDE, December 26, 1881.

Now for the mountains! We have left the civilization of the plains for a new life. The people we are to meet are not uncivilized, but their civilization is of a different mould, of loftier altitudes, severer climate, and harsher experiences; a civilization which regards boiled shirts and stove-pipe hats with disfavor, and looks upon polished boots and umbrellas with positive disgust.

During the first six months west of the Missouri an Easterner is called a “tenderfoot.” There ought to be some other rule for determining this than the almanac, as some men grow in experience much more rapidly than others. This is especially true in travelling. But in order to Westernize rapidly, one must get away from the railroads. A seat in a comfortable “chair” or “parlor” car, going through a new region at the rate of twenty miles an hour, the average speed in the West, is luxurious; but if you want to see, hear, taste, smell, and feel the real West, you must get off the line, mingle with the

people in their camps, eat their fare, and sleep with them on the ground, and, if necessary, in the open air. In doing this you will have to ride on mules and donkeys, perhaps foot it through deep snows, and it may be have a few lively encounters and pleasant escapes; but you will learn as you never can learn otherwise, what privations the men endure who pioneer this westward wave of civilization.

Since my last letter, written from San Luis Park, I have had a varied experience, crossing the Continental Divide four times, traversing the mountain-crests and gulches in an open wagon, cutting my way through deep snows on muleback, and making the acquaintance of camp life generally. I devoted two days to visiting the celebrated Calumet Iron-Ore Mines, thirteen miles from Salida. I had heard much about the richness of these mines in magnetic ores, and as facts about iron and coal are always interesting to Pennsylvanians, I determined to learn something about the existence of these minerals in Colorado. The means of reaching these mines at the date of this writing were by wagon or on horseback; but the ever-vigilant and aggressive Denver and Rio Grande Railway people have since pushed an eight-mile extension thither from a point on their main road eleven miles east of Salida, which is now ready for business. Our way lay along the Ute trail for several miles, a tedious, and so solitary a drive that we met but one human being in the twenty-six miles. It is not long since the four tribes of these troublesome Utes made their annual passage along this trail to its eastern terminus at Manitou, on the way to their common meeting-ground near the present site of Colorado Springs. The marks of these expeditions are still seen in numerous pine-trees stripped of portions of their bark, which was used by the Indians to enrich their bill of fare with pine-tree soup! The fidelity with which the Indians adhere to their primitive habits is remarkable. The Utes and their class seem in fact to have learned absolutely nothing from

their contact with the whites, except lying and drinking whiskey. The jaguar, or mountain lion, is still a resident of this locality, and his fellow-native the cinnamon bear. The latter is very savage when his young is in danger. Two men were recently torn in pieces by one of these animals on this road, because they fired at the bear. The thickness of their skins and skulls renders them wellnigh bullet-proof, and when wounded they become desperate.

About midway in our lonely drive we came within a few yards of a suggestive and not altogether agreeable exhibition. The snow by the roadside had been trodden and disturbed as if by men and animals in a scuffle, and the blood-stains were so fresh and ample that my experienced escort evidently thought it wiser to whip his horses into a gallop than to act on my suggestion that we ought to stop and investigate.

When we reached the Calumet Iron-Mines our æroid barometer indicated an elevation of ten thousand one hundred feet, the air was clear and keen, and the mountain view one of indescribable magnificence. In the west Ouray and Shavano, named for two celebrated Ute chiefs, reared their bald heads three thousand feet above the timber-line, while on either hand the Sangre de Cristo and Saguache Ranges, and the serrated summit of the Continental Divide swept away to where their remotest peaks were buried in the horizon. Our entrance to the camp at Calumet was amid a shower of dirt and broken rocks. The railroad force which is here hewing a road-bed in the side of the mountain, without giving us notice, set off a series of blasts, and between our frightened team and the falling débris our lot for the moment was not particularly pleasant. But we arrived with nothing more serious than an upset down an embankment and a broken wagon, which only served to put us in condition for our dinner in camp, a harder affair if anything than the shower of stones.

The ore-bed here is one of great promise. It is owned and

worked by the Colorado Coal and Iron Company in connection with their iron and steel plant at South Pueblo, and as already developed shows great wealth of magnetic ore of remarkable purity, being almost free from phosphorus, sulphur, and other deleterious substances, the analysis showing from sixty-four to sixty-eight per cent. of metallic iron. The tract covers sixty acres, and the vein shows a thickness of from fourteen to forty feet. The superintendent in charge took us down the slope three hundred and forty-two feet, the ore running the same high character the entire depth, also into the tunnel two hundred feet. The latter is to be extended five hundred and fifty feet, where it will strike the vein and render the removal of the ore from the mine to the chutes easy and inexpensive. The ledge is exposed outside for a long distance, and the working of the outcrop alone is producing a hundred tons a day. The company wisely employs the very best appliances for rapid development, using drills operated by compressed air instead of by hand, thereby accomplishing with thirty men what would otherwise require two hundred. This mine appears to be practically inexhaustible, and with their several others now open promises to supply any conceivable demand.

On returning to Salida I took the train for the extreme northwestern terminus of the Leadville division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, ending at Wheeler's. The valley of the Arkansas is closely followed the entire distance. Wheeler is situated one hundred and eighty-three miles from Pueblo, by rail, and three hundred and three miles from Denver. The same bold and ingenious system of engineering characterizes this that marks the other divisions of the Denver and Rio Grande Road, and in traversing its various extensions the words on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice,*" are no less applicable to Chief Engineer John A. McMurtrie. A short distance before reaching the summit our train passed

the head-waters of the Arkansas, a rill springing out of Tennessee Gulch so narrow that a child could leap across it. Twenty-three hundred miles onward it mingles its waters with the Mississippi. At Fremont Pass we cross the Continental Divide, a term applied to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, from which the waters are shed as from the comb of a roof in both directions, toward the Atlantic and the Pacific.

The elevation at the point of crossing is eleven thousand five hundred and forty feet, the highest piece of railroad in North America, higher than any in Europe, and only equalled by one other in the world. The ascent is accomplished over a series of winding loops of heavy grade, extending far above the timber-line, and the view obtained is one of surpassing grandeur. The American Continent stretches out on either side like the huge fixed waves of a mighty sea. The yawning caverns in this bare spinal rock look like the craters of extinct volcanoes, which they probably are, and the nearer sky assumes a deeper hue. It is no longer the sweet sky-tint of the milliner, or the dark mazarine of the manufacturer, or the deep azure of the poet; it is the blue-black indigo, in which the stars twinkle in the daytime; it resembles the heavy darkness of the Western heavens, which with us precedes the hail-storm on a summer afternoon.

Beyond this line we enter a different climate. Although the Pacific Slope faces the mild expanse of the Western Orient, the regions immediately west of the Divide are more rigorous; the snows are deeper and more frequent, and they lie later in the spring. Snowfalls of four, five, and six feet are not unusual, and a depth of from ten to fifteen feet on the level is sometimes attained. We found three feet of snow at Wheeler's, very dry and as light as down, so that wading through it, while it was disagreeable, was not difficult. I have already referred to certain thermal peculiarities. Here is a curious instance: On a very cold morning, in camp, I tried the experiment

of procuring wash-water by melting snow in an empty powder-can on a hot stove. The snow disappeared, but it was in the form of invisible vapor, and I was doomed to perform my ablutions in nothing more aqueous than unmelted snow.

Near Wheeler's our party shared the hospitality of Long's Camp for the night. Mr. L. M. Long is the efficient Locating Engineer of this section of the Denver and Rio Grande Road. His corps is composed chiefly of Pennsylvanians, but his topographic assistant, the artist who prepares the requisite maps of the road for the government, is Captain Brereton, late of the British army, who, with his engineer work, finds time to sketch the scenery,—his pictures, with the descriptions of them, being paid for and published by the *London Graphic*. Among the types here met, Captain Brereton is an interesting specimen. He served eight years in India as a captain of the English Forty-sixth Regiment; was for several years on duty in Africa; and finally sold his commission for fifteen thousand dollars, and spent the proceeds. He next drew on his father (a gentleman of large estate in Western Ireland) for more money to visit America, and after spending that and a few more years of valuable time in amusing himself among the Indians, hunting and fishing, he settled down in his present position, where he is putting his rare gifts to good use, and, in an uncompulsory way, doing penance for the wild oats of his former years. After supping in a log kitchen and listening to the captain's experiences for an hour, four of us retired on the ground in a ten-by-twelve tent. There was a red-hot Sibley stove at one end of it, with several inches of soft mud around it that was frozen solid before morning. The night grew cold, the wind whistled; but, with the aid of stout blankets and all my clothes, including heavy Arctics, ulster, California leggings, and fur cap, I weathered the night, enjoyed a bountiful elk-steak breakfast next morning, and at noon took the train for Leadville.

LETTER X.

LEADVILLE AND THE MINING MANIA.

The Greatest Mining Camp in America—Its Heterogeneous Population and Moral Code—Its High-colored Present and Probable Future—The Mining Business in its Various Phases—How Eastern People are swindled by Systematic Fraud—Professional Experts to be avoided—The Folly of buying Gold and Silver Mining Stocks at any Price—The other Side—Honest Mining—Colorado's Interests centre in her Minerals—The Great Smelters—Individual Enterprises.

LEADVILLE, COLORADO, December 31, 1881.

A RECORD of Colorado without a chapter on Leadville would be like the play of "Hamlet" minus the Prince. In fact, many who come here seem to confound Leadville with the State to such an extent that they return East having seen but little else. In mining interests Leadville is the climax of Colorado, the most important mining camp in America. The city is distinguished for its altitude. Its site is ten thousand one hundred and four feet above the sea, literally a city set on a hill, though not exactly in the scriptural sense. There is nothing to insure its permanence besides its mining and collateral industries, which, to me, are quite equalled in interest by its eager, earnest population. The latter, which was twenty-five thousand two years ago, has decreased to eighteen thousand, and the vanished seven thousand are considered a good riddance. Those who remain constitute a heterogeneous community; and yet they have much in common. The foreign laborer who has felt the keen edge of oppression in other lands and the emancipated American slave mount this Pisgah and

exult in an independence that is often offensively displayed. Men, white and black, smoke in public vehicles where there are ladies without shame or apology. The very atmosphere is scented with profanity and bad whiskey ; and yet, in his way, the average Ledvillian is a gentleman. "All days are alike, one man is as good as another, and the devil take the hindmost," seems to be their moral code.

The future value of real estate in Leadville is, of course, contingent. If the scores of paying and non-paying mines in and around Carbonate Hill and Iron Hill ever "play out," as they some day will, in the far future, let us hope, for the sake of confiding investors, Leadville rents will melt away and the city itself dwindle down into a railway station. Men must have some stronger motive than mere heaven-kissing aspirations to make them willing to live so near the clouds all the year round, and in an atmosphere so rare that a few feet higher it ceases to sustain vegetable life. But for the time being they are swayed and stimulated by Dame Fortune, and it is well to make the best of it. A Leadville merchant, after admitting to me that a large portion of the city was openly devoted to licentiousness and prostitution, rounded up his admission with this tremendous "but." Said he, "I have been in Leadville three years, and have made money. I was born in Europe, and have lived in several Eastern American cities, and I find more straight-up-and-down, honorable men to the square foot here than I ever found elsewhere. A laboring man has no show in the East ; he's the foot-ball of capital ; here he has an equal chance and goes for what he's worth. Yes, Leadville is a good place to live in. There are fewer murders, fewer arrests, and, within the past year, fewer deaths to the number of inhabitants than in any other city in America, and, although some of our streets are filled with 'dives,' I would rather trust my wife to walk through them alone after midnight than the streets of New York, and she would be safer from insult."

This is rather high-colored, but there is some excuse for it. From being a dangerous den, Leadville has developed into an orderly municipality, well officered, well lighted, and well governed.

In the early history of this region a man brought here two barrels of whiskey, constructed a cheap shanty, and retailed their contents for twenty-seven hundred dollars. The man was voted a genius, has since grown rich, and now entertains visions of gubernatorial honors. Everything here is high, not merely the altitudes, but everything you buy. Double price is the rule, and in nothing is there more elasticity than in the price of mines.

The process of converting the hidden auriferous and argenteriferous treasures of the mountains into available cash is called mining, but it is a business of many distinct phases. Everything here that succeeds is considered legitimate. "Salting" a mine—that is, digging a hole and introducing foreign minerals into it, either in solid or the more illusive form of a solution—in order to deceive purchasers is called a swindle, provided the swindler is detected; but mere misrepresentations are hardly considered censurable, they are so common. Selling a mine that is not worth fifty dollars for fifty thousand is simply a business transaction, an intellectual feat, and intellectual experts in this line have a large clientage and command high prices. Millions of money are fooled away on these frauds. As a rule, Eastern men who come here on short trips to buy mines are about as certain to be fleeced as lambs are to be shorn in Wall Street. There are valuable mines to be had at fair prices, but they are not sold to Eastern mine-hunters. A man stationed here can readily pick up a promising opening from a hungry prospector for a few hundred dollars, which, if an Eastern capitalist were to bid for it, would be held at as many thousands. The ways of the horse-jockey are childlike compared to the tricks of the professional mine-broker.

Prospecting is the great summer industry of the region. Nearly all the rich mines have been discovered in this way by poor men, who, like inventors, generally make their discoveries for the benefit of somebody else. Prospectors at the outset are always poor. Many of them are "grubstaked," employed by persons of means who pay their necessary expenses, and, when a "strike" is made, the capitalist and the laborer have an equal interest, or the latter sells out to the other as the case may be. And this is the only safe way for non-residents to seek their luck in mining. The expense involved is not great. Competent miners can be obtained, whose judgment in the main is more reliable than that of an expert. A half-dozen Eastern men can employ as many prospecting miners as they please for a whole season at a thousand dollars apiece, be represented in the region by a reliable person, and in the course of a summer or two at most they would be certain to find what would richly repay their outlay, and possibly make a discovery of great value.

The dangerous men here are the professional experts, the gentlemen who are ever ready to be employed on either side of a "dicker," and have no scruples about affixing their professional *ipse dixit* on whichever side offers the heaviest fee.

Stocking mines at unreasonable figures is also a source of many dreary investments. Thus, one man has a hole that promises largely which he wants to sell, but has neither money, friends, nor influence. He finds some one who has all three, and who, for a round consideration, will undertake to sell it for him. No. 1 first disposes of his mine to No. 2 (conditioned on its being resold) for ten thousand dollars, giving the latter a receipt for one hundred thousand dollars. No. 2 at once starts East with a "big thing," but he needs money to develop it, having parted with his "bottom dollar" to pay for the mine. He is perfectly willing to let in a good party on the ground-floor, and he finally succeeds in letting in three of them

at twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, himself retaining a fourth interest in the concern. By this neat intellectual feat No. 2 receives seventy-five thousand dollars in cash, pays No. 1 the ten thousand dollars agreed upon, and pockets sixty-five thousand dollars for himself, besides retaining a full fourth interest in the property! When all this is done a flaming prospectus is issued, the "parties" capitalize their embryo bonanza at a million, and then let their friends and the public have a few hundred thousand shares at the low price of one dollar a share, reserving the balance for working capital and possible law expenses. This, in outline, is a true history of the great majority of gold- and silver-mining stocks traded in at the public boards. The safe and sensible thing to do is never to buy a share of them at any price.

The obverse of this picture, the other side of the gold- and silver-mining industries as here represented, is summarized in the fact that they are yielding from the State of Colorado alone an annual addition of twenty million dollars to the real money of the country. Beyond question the mainspring of Colorado's growth is its deposits of iron, coal, gold, silver, and copper. The great smelting-works located at Denver, Pueblo, and here are but mining adjuncts, and nearly every mile of railroad in the State is attributable to its mines. Its banking, mercantile, and manufacturing industries are traceable to the same source, and it is gratifying to find that among the young men here in business from the East, representing among others some of the most respected families in Pennsylvania, not a few are acquitting themselves nobly and laying a foundation to perpetuate the best characteristics of our national life. With all Leadville's extremes, there is nothing that her citizens point to with more pride than her steady, bright, and honest young men in business, many of whom are prospering because they have won and deserve the confidence of the people.

The business of smelting—the process of extracting the

precious metals from the crude ores—is a more certain and profitable industry than mining itself; but as it requires larger capital, fewer people embark in it. A large proportion of Colorado ores are treated here, although there are smelters established in other parts of the State. Those in and around Leadville number seventeen, of which the most extensive is known as the Grant Smelting-Works, owned and run by the rich firm of Eddy, James & Co. I visited these works, and saw the various operations under the white light of Mr. James's graphic explanations. The peculiarity of the ores here is the large presence of lead, from which alone Leadville is reaping a handsome revenue. The demand for lead grows with its supply. Seven years ago the whole consumption of lead in the United States was thirty thousand tons, while to-day the annual product of this single concern is over ten thousand tons, and it finds ready sale at good prices. The fuel employed in smelting—coke and charcoal—is a costly item. That consumed by the "Grant" amounts to over one thousand dollars a day. With every blast of five hundred pounds of ore there is combined seventy pounds of charcoal and the same quantity of coke. When the ores are converted into pig they are stored for shipment to Omaha to be refined. The pigs weigh one hundred pounds each, contain an average of one per cent. of pure silver, and are forwarded in carloads of eleven tons, or two hundred and twenty pigs.

As it would consume much time to little purpose to enter the different mines, I confined my chief essay in that line to the tunnel of the California and Colorado Mining Company, not because it is as yet celebrated, but on account of its accessibility and the excellent opportunity it affords of examining the geological formation. The tunnel is six hundred feet deep, driven through Carbonate Hill, immediately under several valuable mines. There are in it a number of side-drifts showing promising leads, and affording a good illustration of

how the workable ores are deposited in this gigantic upheaval. I entered this mine by the courtesy of its owners, who include several young gentlemen from Wilkesbarre, Pa., Mr. Claflin, the New York dry-goods merchant, and Mr. Daniels, of the firm of Daniels & Fisher, the A. T. Stewart of Colorado.

Of the numerous mines located in and around Leadville fifty-seven are now producing either gold or silver, or both, the character of ores being either hard carbonate, lead carbonate, iron, galena, dry silver, gold quartz, gold and silver quartz, or galena and sulphur.

LETTER XI.

THE GUNNISON COUNTRY.

One of Colorado's Largest and Richest Counties—Aggressive Policy of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway—The Flood of Immigration and Scramble for Prizes—Grand Scenery of Marshall Pass and down the Pacific Slope—A Daring Undertaking—Civilizing Power of the Steam-engine—Discoveries of Iron and Coal—Tracts of Pure Anthracite attracting Pennsylvanians—The Town of Crested Butte, in a Romantic Dell of Vast Mineral Wealth; its Sulphur Springs—Fine Agricultural Valleys—Abundance of Silver and Gold; history of their First Discovery in the Gunnison—Rapid Advance in Real Estate—Great Exodus Hitherward expected in 1882.

GUNNISON CITY, COLORADO, January 5, 1882.

THE changes wrought in Colorado within the last decade, mainly by the introduction of railroads, almost rival the wildest tales of the "Arabian Nights." This whole region, known as the Gunnison Country (from Lieutenant Gunnison, of the United States army, its first explorer), was until recently a *terra incognita*. It is included in a single county of that name in Central-Western Colorado, but the county is larger by two thousand square miles than the whole State of Massachusetts. A few years ago its entire area was without a white inhabitant. Now it includes a city of five thousand busy people, with a large number of smaller settlements, among them some of the most prosperous mining-camps in the State.

In most cases railroads are built to accommodate the resident population, but in Colorado the Denver and Rio Grande Company has reversed this rule by running its extensions into

localities which it thinks it is desirable to populate, and thus far its enterprise has been warranted by the results. Enough had been discovered in the valley of the Gunnison and its mountains in the spring and summer of 1880 to stimulate immigration, and it was to foster this that the Gunnison Extension was commenced in August of that year and completed to this point in July, 1881. Six weeks ago this extension was carried, and commenced running trains, to Crested Butte, twenty-six miles farther north, in order to facilitate transportation from the coal-mines there opened and the silver-mining camps at Ruby and Gothic. In consequence of these increased facilities, the arrival of prospectors, miners, operators in real estate, gold- and silver-hunters, and adventurers of every grade and shade was very large during the summer and autumn.

The railway to this point is one of the engineering feats for which Colorado is famous. Taking the train at Denver we reach the town of Salida, a journey of two hundred and seventeen miles, by way of the Grand Cañon. From South Arkansas to this city the distance is seventy-three miles, and includes among its grandest features the celebrated Marshall Pass, across the Continental Divide, at an altitude of ten thousand seven hundred and sixty feet, which is gradually diminished on our westward way down the Pacific Slope until we reach Gunnison City, beautifully situated on an open plateau at the junction of the Gunnison River and Tumichi Creek, at an elevation of seven thousand five hundred feet. The ascent from the east to the summit of the Pass is accomplished at an average grade of two hundred and eleven feet to the mile, and the winding, countermarching loops of the road, hewn in the sides of steep mountains, are so perilous that in order to insure safety nearly three hours are consumed in running twenty-five miles. The views are among the grandest of the continent. From the valley of Poncho Creek to where the road winds around the base of Mount Ouray the scenery from the passing

train varies at every stride ; and after we have pierced the crest, through the long, precautionary snow-sheds, and commenced descending toward the Gunnison along the valleys of Marshall and Tumichi Creeks, the fact that we have said good-bye to the Atlantic and are heading toward the setting sun is at once indicated in the reversed grade and the westward-flowing streams.

It was a daring thing to dedicate this country to civilization and introduce highways inviting travel all the year round, as the footprints of the savage Utes are still fresh in the land, and the snowfalls are known to have been so deep as to depopulate the hills and valleys even of their beasts of prey. A gentleman now largely interested in this city informs me that in 1862 he was one of a party of ten who came here to test the valley of the Tumichi as a grazing country. They brought their cattle here in June, and had comparatively little trouble with the Indians ; but in November, finding the region imbedded in eleven feet of snow, they were glad to escape eastward with their lives, on snow-shoes, leaving their cattle, numbering several hundred, to the mercy of the elements. Of the latter all perished excepting a single mule, which they found alive on their return the following spring. The poor brute had taken shelter under a grove of cottonwood-trees, where, although shut out from the world by an ocean of snow, it was able to maintain a skeleton existence on bark and twigs.

While the Gunnison Country is shown to be rich in precious metals, it is probable that its coal and iron will prove even a greater and more lasting source of wealth. Several extensive veins of the latter, of high grade, have been opened in this vicinity, and sanguine residents look forward to the time when Gunnison City will be known from afar by the smoke of its furnaces. Along the ledges of White Earth Valley, twenty miles southwest, are veins of magnetic ore varying from forty

to eighty feet, and spurs have been traced a distance of from three to four hundred yards. Careful assays show these ores to contain as high as seventy per cent. of metallic iron. Rich deposits of bog or ochre ore have also been discovered on Coal Creek between Crested Butte and Ruby, and there are many surface indications of similar deposits.

The discoveries of coal here within the past eighteen months have naturally awakened the interest of Eastern capitalists. Especially are Pennsylvanians alive to this new feature. The wealth of their Western metropolis is so largely due to abundant and cheap coal that there is hardly a city in the world that would not be proud of its smoke. The bituminous coals here developed are of excellent quality for domestic and manufacturing uses, and among them are some so well adapted for coking that extensive coke-works have been erected at Crested Butte, which are producing an article equal in quality to our Connellsville coke, and that finds as ready sale for smelting purposes. These works are owned and run by the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, who are also the proprietors of the extensive coke-ovens at El Moro. At Crested Butte the coking is done very cheaply in pits instead of ovens, and its manufacture bids fair to become an important industry in the West.

Until quite recently we have been accustomed to regard anthracite coal as an exclusively Pennsylvania possession, and there may be some intelligent people who will here read for the first time that there are anthracite coal-mines outside the four hundred square miles known as the Schuylkill, Middle, and Wyoming Coal-Fields. But, even if news, it is a great fact. I have been in the mines, examined the coal, and warmed at its fires. The finest specimens that I examined, selected for display, it is true, were remarkably hard and bright, and perfectly free from smut and bitumen. The openings at Crested Butte—one of which is the property of the

Colorado Coal and Iron and the other of a Philadelphia Company—give promise of large production and improvement in quality, with increasing depth. The veins are not as thick or as numerous as in Pennsylvania, but the beds extend over a large territory, watered by Coal, Anthracite, and Slate Creeks, and it is probable that the richest discoveries are yet to be made. Up to this time the title to these lands has been obstructed on account of their being a part of the Ute Reservation, but as the Indians have now been removed, full possession will soon be given to the proper claimants. The government price for these mineral lands is regulated according to their proximity to a completed railroad.

The situation of Crested Butte in the valley of the Slate, near its junction with Coal Creek and Washington Gulch, is one of the most charming in Colorado. The town is surrounded with towering mountain peaks of peculiar individuality, and watered by a beautiful stream, and the summer scenery and climate are said to render it a terrestrial paradise. The town has just been embellished with a fine hotel, and now that the railroad reaches there, its summer visitors are expected to include persons in quest of health and pleasure, as well as fortune-seekers. The Sulphur Springs, in the immediate neighborhood, come nearer rivalling, in volume and excellence, the celebrated Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs of Virginia than any that I have visited.

Considering the transformation wrought in the Pennsylvania counties of Schuylkill, Carbon, Luzerne, and Lackawanna by the development of anthracite coal, the millions of capital it has yielded and now profitably employs, and the large place it holds to-day in the financial operations of the world, it is not surprising that the discovery of true anthracite here should awaken a deep interest among men who have heretofore relegated fortune-hunting in the West to people of less means and more sanguine temperaments.

For the benefit of agriculturists I may state that the valleys of the Gunnison and its tributaries furnish a large aggregate of arable lands, and there is some farming done along the Grand and Uncompahgre Rivers and Plateau, Crow, and Dolores Creeks. Most of these valleys are lower in altitude than the Eastern foot-hills, and quite as favorable to the growth of wheat and vegetables.

The existence of silver and gold in the Gunnison in large quantities is no longer a secret. The first discovery was at Ruby, in the summer of 1879, which yielded from six hundred to seven hundred ounces of silver per ton, since when the principal developments have been made at Gothic, Irwin, Spring Creek, Pitkin, and Virginia City, and it is not improbable that all the mountain spurs and gulches in this section of the Elk Mountain Range east and north of Crested Butte will eventually reward the miner with profitable discoveries. Among the mines now working some are producing from one thousand to three thousand five hundred dollars native silver per ton, and the prodigious yield of ten thousand dollars per ton is reported of the celebrated Forest Queen Mine, which shows a crevice of over one hundred feet, and a pay-streak of four to eight feet, and has thus far paid two hundred dollars net profits for every foot of shaft sunk. It is no wonder that claims in close proximity to such a mine should be in great demand, or that the enormous price of from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand dollars should have been paid for ten-foot holes having a good show.

The history of the Forest Queen is on a par with Tabor's Little Pittsburg. A Maryland man, W. A. Fisher, who drove an ox-team all the way from the Potomac to the Gunnison, got stuck in the mud, and was helped out by a spectator, O. P. Mace, whereupon the grateful Fisher promised Mace a half interest in the first mine that he should find. The latter thought little of this promise at the moment, though it re-

sulted in paying him one hundred thousand dollars a few days afterwards! Fisher, inexperienced as he was, stumbled upon the enormous find since known as the "Forest Queen" and "Ruby Camp." Mace chose the latter as his half, and sold it for the above sum when the hole was less than ten feet deep. It is not strange that a discovery of such magnitude should find its way into strong hands, and the Forest Queen is accordingly owned by such financial magnates as Colonel D. C. Dodge, General Manager of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway; George M. Pullman, the palace-car king; Mr. Woerishoffer, the New York banker; Mr. Woodbury, proprietor of the Denver *Daily Times*; General Palmer, president of the Denver and Rio Grande Road, and men of similar sagacity and power.

The rapid advance in real estate in this city and adjacent points promises one of two things: either the investors will get their fingers badly scorched, or the developments in the near future will be something enormous. The price of lots is daily advancing. Investors come here one month and refuse to pay five hundred dollars for what a month later they are glad to get for one thousand dollars. The extraordinary discoveries of coal, iron, and silver last season have stimulated inquiry and immigration, and great confidence is expressed that these developments are but the premonitory droppings of the shower yet to come. Next summer is set down by the prophets to witness an astonishing climax in the history of Colorado mining. The deep snows that have prevailed here since early in November, and which rarely depart before March or April, place a veto on the prospectors' operations for the time being; but arrangements are on foot to re-enter the field in spring on a grand scale, to prove if possible that the Gunnison is the banner mining section of the State.

LETTER XII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Facing Eastward—Five Modern Cities of the Plain—Dissolving Views as witnessed from the Train—Astounding Staying Qualities of Pike's Peak—Reflections on the Trip—Does the Trip West pay?—Whom it does, and Whom it does not—How the Trip should be made—Good-by to Colorado—Passing through Kansas—Its Vivid History recalled—Its Progress, Industries, and Population—Kansas City, another Great Railroad Centre, geographically in the Wrong State—Across Northern Missouri—Quincy, Illinois—Conclusion.

ON THE TRAIN EASTWARD, January 10, 1882.

I FIND it necessary to postpone my trip to the Pacific coast. The additional travel could have been crowded into the time I have spent in Colorado, but it would have been hurried and unsatisfactory. Consequently, at 9.15 this morning I take the Kansas Pacific train for home. The day is bright and mellow as our Indian summer, and the transition from the mountains to the plains will be a welcome change. I have in the course of this correspondence written more or less fully about the chief centres of population along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, Cheyenne, Greeley, Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo,—five modern cities of the plain, whose western background is the snowy range of the Cordilleras, from which the streams flow and the mineral wealth is drawn that render the region habitable and enrich its population. Probably no people on earth have better reason to echo the Psalmist's words: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help!"

A little north of Denver our train turns due eastward, and for four hours makes a gradual ascent of four feet to the mile. The elevation at Denver is five thousand one hundred feet, and at River Bend, eighty-four miles east, where we strike the Big Sandy, it is five thousand five hundred feet. We follow the latter eastward-flowing stream a distance of sixty miles. It will be interesting to watch the gradually receding West. Here for the first time I observe that Denver lies in a hollow. Gently its streets and houses disappear; next the church-spires and electric-light towers sink from view; then the smoke of the smelters at Argo fades away, leaving nothing but the great mountain-chain of blue and white outlined against the western sky. As the hours wear on the less elevated portions of these succumb to the increasing distance, but the loftier peaks remain, and one of them will take advantage of this opportunity to show what a giant it is. At near approach Pike's Peak asserts its pre-eminence in a modest way, but farther off it seems determined never to be outdone by the horizon. It was four in the afternoon, and we were one hundred and forty miles from Denver, when Pike's Peak glanced the parting salute from its fourteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven feet summit and sank from sight.

In this final letter a few reflections on the trip may not be amiss. "Does the trip West pay?" is a question that everybody asks who has not made it. That depends. If your idea of "pay" in going West to stay is limited to dollars and cents, there is this to be considered, that unless you have some employment assured in advance you ought to go with your pockets well filled, as living is dear and openings to lucrative positions comparatively scarce. Except in rare cases the West is a poor place for men without money. With capital, however small, the chances for making money are better than at the East, and in many respects brains and energy have a fairer prospect of success. Next to a little superfluous cash, the prime necessities

are industry and pluck. With these the West is everything to a young man that Horace Greeley claimed for it; but it offers no attractions to genteel loafers, and the adventurer who does not lose every trace of the "tenderfoot" in six months had better go back. As a rule professional men "need not apply," as there are relatively more doctors, lawyers, newspaper men, and would-be merchants in Kansas and Colorado than in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

If, on the other hand, you have an honest desire to know something about the scenery, improvements, topography, climate, industries, population, and peculiarities of this part of the American Continent, and to estimate for yourself the tremendous place in our national economy which it is yet to fill, you will learn more by coming here in a month than you can get from books in a year. But you must undertake the trip for the love of it. The traveller who is not stimulated in his journey by the *desire* to travel, travels to no purpose, and he ought to be philosopher enough to make the best of everything. The railroads have done much toward carrying us to their heavenward altitudes "on flowery beds of ease," but in order to delve under the surface and form true impressions of what Western life and experiences really are there is little use for æsthetic equipment. Western people are not obtuse to the æsthetic, by no means, but they have sense enough to adapt themselves to circumstances. At Omaha I found well-dressed ladies riding in street cars with grimy floors, dirty canvas curtains, and no-back wooden stools for seats, but this was preferable to wading through mud, and they were happy, and chatted as they jolted along about the relative merits of music-teachers and the progress of their daughters in playing and painting. I think one effect of Western travel is to broaden and deepen one's common sense. Nowhere on earth are shams at a greater discount. Everything is estimated according to what it "pans out." Morality and true religion do not neces-

sarily suffer in the West. In fact, one of the most remarkable features of Colorado life and habit is the uniformly large church attendance, the denominational range and relative strength being about the same as in the East.

Persons who visit the West merely to make "strikes," or to learn the value of some Wall Street favorite, will hardly be compensated, as strike-hunting is a very uncertain lottery, and the speculator soon discovers that there is little connection between the real value of a company's property and the manipulated price of its shares on 'Change. We have an illustration of this in the recent quotations of Denver and Rio Grande and Colorado Coal and Iron shares. Since my arrival here in November the decline in both these securities has been from fifteen to twenty per cent., the present selling price being, in fact, forty per cent. below the quotations of a few months ago; and yet the fact is that the prosperity of both these corporations and their financial condition are better to-day than they have ever been, and no one but an interested bear doubts their prospects of a largely increasing business. But this weighs nothing in Wall Street. The more valuable stocks become the lower they may go, and *vice versa*.

If your sole pleasure in travelling is to visit places famous in history and literature, to study the ancient and revel in depositories of art, or dine daily *à la Française*, Europe certainly offers the richer field. But the great West is a colossal part of ourselves, and not to know something about it is a reproach. Gradually, also, the ties of kindred are developing a national interest in the States and Territories of the West. While they are, as the Atlantic States once were, the alembic of foreign nationalities of every name, the infusion of American blood is now so general that there are comparatively few families east of the Mississippi who have not a social nerve running toward the Pacific that swells the mail, or thrills along the wire. Under this influence the West is undergoing a great transfor-

mation. The Indians are disappearing, and with them in great measure their traditions, and it will not be long before even the animal tribes will only exist in museums, nursery tales, blood-and-thunder novels, and a few chapters of our higher literature. The archaeologist has still much to do, but he is already well under way in proving that the New World is really the Old. Humboldt wrote about the West and its past like a seer. Heaven alone knows what is to be born from its pregnant future.

Two hundred miles east of Denver we cross the Colorado State line and enter Kansas. If the dearth of historical incident and association detracts somewhat from the interest of Western travel, we must not forget that even this defect is being rapidly remedied. To people in middle life there are few more interesting reminiscences than the early days and struggles of "bleeding Kansas," a conflict which we may now look back upon as, in some measure, the pivotal point in our national life. How vividly these Kansas plains and populous towns recall the startling events of that historic era, events beginning with the Missouri Compromise of 1820 (by which slavery was forever prohibited north of latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$), followed by its repeal in 1854 under the pressure of a false territorial issue, and ending with the series of political wrongs that shattered both Whigs and Democrats, and evoked from their ruin the eclectic party of patriots which abolished slavery and saved the Union! There were few more potential agencies in shaping the events of that lofty programme and "plucking the flower safety from the nettle danger" than *The Press*, then and for many years afterwards conducted by its late honored chief and founder, Colonel John W. Forney.

Western Kansas, like Western Nebraska, is not under cultivation, but is given up to grazing. The State is, however, more rolling than her northern neighbor; her railroads run through deeper cuts and over higher embankments; it has

more wood and streams, and on the whole a richer agricultural future. New England gave to Kansas the basis of her population, and the eastern part of the State fairly blossoms with New England thrift. Well-built houses, substantial bridges, the best farming implements and skill in their use are everywhere observed. Besides her tremendous crops of wheat and corn, cattle-raising is also a profitable Kansas industry. Her rapid development in this direction may be inferred from the fact that from being the twenty-ninth cattle State of the Union in 1866, she bounded to the second place in 1880. It pays the farmers better here to convert their corn into stock than to sell the grain, and it is not unusual for them to plant from one thousand to fifteen hundred acres and use the entire product in this way. Their wheat is generally sold to Eastern markets. Salina County alone had eighty thousand acres in wheat in 1880, and garnered a crop of one million five hundred thousand bushels. The acreage in 1882 will be the largest ever known, and the indications at this writing are all in favor of a large yield. The same appears to be true throughout all the winter-wheat districts of the West, the recent high prices having naturally stimulated an increased sowing wherever it was at all practicable.

As we approach the eastern border of the State the railroad stations are towns of more importance. Topeka, the capital, has fifteen thousand inhabitants and Lawrence over ten thousand. Both these cities are handsomely laid out, substantially built, and beautifully situated in the valley of the Kansas (here pronounced Kaw), on both sides of the river of that name, the opposite sides being connected by fine bridges.

A ride of thirty hours from Denver, covering nearly seven hundred miles, brings us to Kansas City, a large portion of which is perched on a high ridge of irregular bluffs, which here form the southern bank of the Missouri River. Kansas City is quite a metropolis, though it has to play second to St.

Louis, as it is included in the State of Missouri, although by its geographical position and the natural affinity of many of its people it ought to belong to Kansas, just as naturally as Camden belongs to New Jersey and not to Pennsylvania. Like all Western towns of rapid growth, Kansas City is a great railroad focus. No less than twelve trunk-lines here converge and cross one another, and sixty-six passenger and one hundred and fifty freight-trains arrive and depart over them every twenty-four hours, the entire business being concentrated in one grand union depot, eight hundred feet long, supplied with hotel, restaurants, baggage-rooms, waiting apartments, telegraph-offices, and all other modern conveniences. Besides its prominence as a great entrepôt of freight and travel, Kansas City has the additional advantage of being located in the heart of one of the most productive and extensive agricultural basins in the world, which must eventually make it a great river-port city. It has eighty thousand inhabitants and is growing rapidly, and is just now passing through the agonies of metropolization, a process in which the corporation is vying with the citizens in their endeavors to beautify the streets by pulling down, building up, levelling off, straightening out, and turning things upside down generally in every direction.

Crossing the Missouri River by the Hannibal and St. Jo Railroad, which is used by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Road under an agreement, we enter and traverse the upper part of the State of Missouri in a northeasterly direction. The scenery along this line is more Eastern in appearance than any I have met west of the Mississippi. The system of farm improvements is similar to ours. There are forests of oak and hickory and walnut, whose brown beds of dry leaves and the undulating slopes of winter grain suggest the scenes of Pennsylvania. A ride of two hundred and twenty-six miles brings us to the Mississippi River, which we cross by a substantial bridge and enter Quincy, the second town in

population in the State of Illinois. The Mississippi here resembles the Delaware at Philadelphia, and the ascent to the elevated plateau where the main part of the city is built is as smooth and regular as an artificial terrace. The town is embellished with parks, solid blocks of business and public edifices, and has forty thousand inhabitants, among them some of the most prominent men of the State.

Of the country traversed between the Mississippi River and Chicago, over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Road, I have already written, as also of the eight hundred and twenty-one miles between Chicago and Philadelphia by way of Pittsburg, and will therefore merely add this,

IN CONCLUSION.

The whole trip was one of uninterrupted interest and gratification. It was accomplished without accident or mishap, and the trans-Mississippi portion of it had to me all the freshness of novelty. In my comments upon it I have aimed to be accurate rather than flowery ; to impart reliable information rather than simply to please, or entertain. If I have succeeded in this in any degree by better introducing to the reader a part of our common country that is destined with each year to become more and more the home of our children and their posterity, I shall not have spent these months in vain, or travelled six thousand miles without an adequate result.

THE END.

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